ELISA POWELL,

OR

TRIALS OF SENSIBILITY.

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TRIALS OF SENSIBILITY:

A SERIES OF

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

COLLECTED

BY A WELSH CURATE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

——MENTEM MORTALIA TANGUNT.

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ELISA POWELL;

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LETTER XIII.

To the Reverend JAMES WILSON.

AT laſt, my dear Wilſon, the whole of this calamitous tale is laid before me—Unhappy father! Unfortunate Eliſa! I no longer perplex myſelf with ſad conjectures, no longer wonder at their diſtreſs.

Mr. Powell has permitted me to tranſcribe captain Arnold's letters to uſe them according to my own diſ-

cretion: I can therefore take the liberty to entruſt you with copies. I can make no comment upon them. They will ſpeak for themſelves and for the feelings of

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XIV.

To GEORGE ARNOLD, Eſq.

Dear Sir,

BY yeſterday's poſt, I ſent you an account of my fair proſpect in life: to day, it is clouded for ever. Arm yourſelf with fortitude, my father, to hear a tale which burſts from my diſtracted heart. Eliſa is loſt to me—to her friends—to herſelf!

After my interview with Mr. and Mrs. Powell and my uncle (the flattering reſult of which you are already informed of) poor William Weaver diſcloſed to his father a long concealed paſſion for Eliſa. Had he imparted it to me a day ſooner, I might have envied, but would never have interrupt-

ed his good fortune. Had he, even then, confided in me, my heart ſhould have been pierced rather than I would injure him. He was, indeed, the favoured lover. He is now—Be not too much alarmed, my father—he is wounded, perhaps, mortally. Mr. Powell's family, as well as doctor Weaver's, are involved in this calamity: it will be neceſſary, therefore, to poſtpone your intended viſit to this neighbourhood. My continuance here, for ſome time, will be requiſite, to adminiſter, as far as it is poſſible, comfort to the wretched: though my own ſituation, Heaven knows, is ſufficiently miſerable. My two deareſt friends—one, a murderer—one, languiſhing to death!—My Eliſa—my angelic girl—ruined and diſtracted! For that dear creature (whoſe ſmalleſt ſatisfaction I could, this morning, have purchaſed at the expence of my life) I

can, at preſent, form no better wiſh, than that death may put a ſpeedy period to her troubles.

A gloomy myſtery hangs over the whole of this ſad cataſtrophe. When I am informed, I will ſend you the particulars. This haſty ſcrawl is diſpatched, merely to prevent a journey that would add to your affliction.

With confuſion and remorſe I reflect that I have myſelf indulged in the raſh levities of youth. I have had *my* affair of honour: I thank God, it terminated without effuſion of blood! Being intereſted in the fate of both parties, I now begin to ſee theſe things in their true light. The ſcene I have beheld to-day will make me wiſer while I live; but, alas! how dearly is that wiſdom bought by

Your unhappy ſon,

FRANCIS ARNOLD.

LETTER XV.

To the SAME.

Dear Sir,

THE taſk to which I now ſit down is a painful one. I promiſed to give you the calamitous particulars of the 12th of this month. On the evening of the 11th, Charles Powell and I returned to doctor Weaver's, from Pembroke, where we had been to obtain of our colonel leave of abſence from our companies. We perceived that ſomething or other had thrown our friends into great embarraſſment. Being in very good ſpirits ourſelves, we took but little notice of it. The next morning we ſet out with Mrs. Powell for Mor-

ley caſtle. Upon our arrival, I enquired for Eliſa, and was informed that ſhe was much indiſpoſed.

That I may purſue my narrative with as much accuracy and regularity as the ſubject will admit, I will here ſet down, in Mrs. Powell's own words, the account which ſhe has this day given me of her interview with Eliſa:

"As ſoon as I entered the houſe," ſays Mrs. Powell, "my daughter's maid informed me of her indiſpoſition. I found her in the drawing-room, languid and pale. Her arm was reſted upon the table; her eyes fixed on the floor; her countenance and attitude, the very picture of deſpair.

"My dear Eliſa!" ſaid I, "what is the matter with you?" She juſt looked at me; her lips moved; but I could not hear her ſpeak.

"I took hold of her hand, ſaying, "My child, you ought to be in bed.

Come with me into your chamber, and I will ſend immediately for doctor Thomas.

"No, my kind mamma," ſhe anſwered, "I cannot lie down any longer. Laſt night has been a long and tedious night. May I never ſee another!"

"I rang the bell, and ſaid to the ſervant, "Order James to get a horſe ſaddled directly."

"Pray, my dear mamma," ſaid Eliſa, "do not ſend for the doctor. The pain is in my heart: nothing that he can do will relieve it."

"She then took your handkerchiefs off the table, folded them up, and gave them to me, ſaying, at the ſame time, "Indeed, mamma, captain Arnold and you muſt excuſe me: I can never finiſh them."

"Do not diſtreſs yourſelf," ſaid I, "in regard to captain Arnold: your

inclinations will ſuffer no violence upon his account."

"You, mamma," ſhe obſerved, "are always kind and generous."

"And my ſweet Eliſa," ſaid I, "ſhall for ever find me ſo. But ſhe muſt pardon me for hinting to her, that an undue reſerve has led her indulgent parents into ſome degree of embarraſſment. You will acknowledge, my dear, that the unbounded confidence we placed in your duty, and in Mr. Weaver's candour, deſerved ſomething of mutual confidence on your parts."

"Unable to ſpeak, ſhe looked at me with tenderneſs and confuſion, while the tears flowed in her eyes. I proceeded, "We muſt, however, confeſs, Eliſa, that the choice you make is not an imprudent one. If it be found neceſſary to your happineſs, neither your father nor I will impoſe upon you any unreaſonable reſtraint. Even doctor

Weaver, though greatly hurt, by his ſon's blameable ſilence, and the deluſive encouragement which, in conſequence of it, we gave to captain Arnold, is not abſolutely inflexible."—

"She interrupted my ſentence, riſing from her ſeat, ſeizing my hands, and, with a fearful wildneſs in her manner, crying out, "My mother! name him not; I can ſee him no more. Though I die, I cannot."

"Sit down, my dear," I replied, "and compoſe yourſelf: I cannot comprehend you, Eliſa. Be candid. Diſcloſe you whole heart to me. I am convinced it would greatly relieve you; and you ſhould be convinced, my child, that my ſupreme wiſh is to ſee you happy." She was ſtill ſilent. I continued, "Tell me, my dear, did you not acknowledge to Mr. Weaver your affection for him? Did not you encourage him to apply to his father?

" My dear mother, I muſt confeſs it," ſaid Eliſa.

" And now, my daughter, you tell me that you can ſee him no more! I ſhould be ſorry to obſerve any thing like caprice in your conduct: your heart, I am ſure, diſdains ſo trifling and mean an idea."

" She kneeled upon the carpet, and putting her head upon my knees, cried out, " O my mother, my mother! to you my conduct muſt for ever appear ſtrange and unaccountable. I am every way wretched; but the cauſe of my diſtreſs I can never diſcloſe. O death! relieve—it will relieve me!" She was ſeized with ſtrong hyſterics, which prevented her ſaying any thing more.

" My alarm and aſtoniſhment exceeded all that I can deſcribe. Eliſa's health and ſpirits had, to this time, been naturally very good. Though perplexed by a hundred vague and

dreadful conjectures, I was certain that ſomething very extraordinary muſt have happened, to give them ſo ſudden and violent a ſhock.

" When ſhe was a little recovered, and her tears had, in ſome meaſure, relieved her inward oppreſſion, ſhe leaned upon my boſom, ſaying, " Will my dear mamma have pity upon me, and let me hear no more of Mr. Weaver, of captain Arnold, or of any one? Let me live only with my father and you, and continue to be your daughter. I may be able, one day, to convince you, that, however I may be blamed for imprudence, I have never conſented to any criminal act."

" I ſoothed her as well as I could, and declined all further enquiry. As ſoon as I found her pretty well compoſed, I informed her, that doctor Weaver and captain Arnold were to dine with us; but I did not encourage

her to appear, as the ſtate of her health would be a very ſufficient excuſe for her abſence.

" As I was croſſing the hall, from my daughter's apartment, I obſerved my poor Charles with a brace of piſtols in his hand. He was talking to Mr. Weaver's ſervant, to whom he delivered them. The ſingularity of this incident caught my attention. I walked leiſurely, and heard him ſaying to the young man, " Take care how you carry them; they are loaded and primed, and will go off at a touch. Tell William that they are an excellent pair of rifles, and with a ſteady hand will give him the advantage over the firſt highwayman in England." My ſon, having diſmiſſed the ſervant, followed me into the parlour, where we found you ſitting."

This, my dear father, is the account

which Mrs. Powell gave me of the beginning of her afflictions.

Charles Powell, upon entering the parlour, drew his chair close to mine, saying in a low voice, "there is something, of late, about William Weaver which I cannot fully comprehend. Have not you remarked in him, Arnold, an unusual degree of shyness and reserve? You recollect how abruptly he turned from us yesterday in the garden, and did not appear for the whole evening. He has just now dispatched his servant with a formal note, to borrow a case of pistols, under pretence of guarding himself to Oxford. That was certainly nothing more than a colour. I wish it may not turn out that he has a point of honour to adjust with one of the macaronies at the university."

I replied, with a ſmile, "From William's behaviour laſt night, you ſhould rather conclude that I am the object of his reſentment. And, upon my honour, there may be ſomething in it. Do you think it quite impoſſible that a young ſtudent ſhould have formed a more ſublime idea of happineſs than that of deſcanting upon the beauties of a favourite author, and liſtening now and then to an enchanting ſong?" This I ſaid, without any ſerious ſuſpicion of the real fact.

"Pugh, Frank," replied my friend, "you are wide of the mark. William and Eliſa have been at croſs purpoſes for this month paſt. Be it what it will, I muſt try to get it out of him; and if I cannot with propriety extricate the young ſpark, I may perhaps offer him my ſervices in the field. It is to be hoped, however, that my ſuſpicions are entirely groundleſs."

Charles, having ſaid this, got up, and ſtood by the window. William's ſervant had ſauntered about the houſe, and was now in the court, delivering ſomething to Eliſa's maid, who immediately carried it into her miſtreſs' room. This tranſaction I myſelf obſerved where I ſat. Charles turned to his mother, ſaying, "Does William Weaver correſpond with Eliſa?"

"No, ſir, anſwered Mrs. Powell; "why ſhould you ſuppoſe ſuch a thing?"

"It is whimſical enough, I muſt confeſs," ſaid the ſon; "but you will pardon my curioſity: I muſt go, and have a a peep." He left the room.

"What does he mean, ſir?" ſaid Mrs. Powell. I related to her the incident I had juſt remarked, adding, that I fancied it was what my friend alluded to.

Mrs. Powell pondered upon what I

had told her for about a minute, and then left me without ſpeaking.

I have ſince learned that Charles Powell had gone to the door of his ſiſter's drawing-room, where ſhe ſtill continued, and, not finding it quite cloſed, had gently puſhed it open. Eliſa had fainted, and fallen upon the floor. An open letter was lying by her ſide. The terrified brother had read the name of Weaver, and haſtily glanced over a few of the firſt ſentences. Juſt as Mrs. Powell came to the door, he ſtamped with his foot, and ruſhed furiouſly out of the room, crying, "Villain, haſt thou ruined my ſiſter!"

Mrs. Powell raiſed her daughter, in the beſt manner ſhe could, and called out to the ſervants, and then to me.

As ſoon as I appeared, ſhe ſaid, "For Heaven's ſake, ſir, find my ſon in-

ſtantly, and ſtay with him till Mr. Powell comes home."

I was dreadfully ſhocked to ſee that excellent lady ſeated on the floor; to ſee Eliſa pale and breathleſs, with her head ſupported upon her mother's boſom!

The alarming meſſage I had received was but ill calculated to relieve my mind; but I have determined to give you a ſimple narrative, coloured as little as poſſible with my own feelings. Perhaps my eyes may have lingered on this affecting ſight, a fatal moment too long. However, I ſoon recollected myſelf, and went into the hall. The domeſtics were paſſing and repaſſing in tumultuous confuſion. I aſked Charles' ſervant if he knew where his maſter was. He ſaid, "I believe, ſir, he is gone out."

"But which way is he gone?" I demanded.

"I cannot tell, ſir," replied the

young man: "He ſent me up ſtairs for his other piſtols. I aſked if he was going to ride out. He ſnatched the piſtols from my hand, examined the priming, and put them into his pocket. I aſked again, if I ſhould attend him. He ordered me to mind my own buſineſs, and aſk no queſtions."

"You muſt aſſiſt me," ſaid I, "to find him this moment."

We ſearched all about the houſe, and called to him; but Charles was not to be found.

I ordered a horſe to go immediately to doctor Weaver's. As I was mounting, William's ſervant came running down the lawn, and intreating me to make all poſſible ſpeed up to the Elm Walk, by the grotto.

You recollect the ſpot, my dear ſir: it is that part of Mr. Powell's park that diſcloſes, between the hills, a beautiful view of the haven; juſt where, laſt

autumn, you met Eliſa, equipt in the character of Diana, and rewarded her victory with the ſilver arrow.

When I was about a hundred yards from the place, I ſaw my unhappy friends, both armed. Charles gave fire. William dropped, and, in his fall, his piſtol was diſcharged into the ground.

Charles, now perceiving me, cried out furiouſly, "Frank, I have avenged thee, avenged my ſiſter and myſelf. I have killed him."

"Juſt heaven's!" I exclaimed, "killed my dear friend, Charles! And your own friend!"

"Yes," he retorted; "he was my friend. But there is an end of all that. My ſiſter is ruined."

Petrified at this word, I could not for ſome moments draw breath. It was no time to reflect upon the ſubject: as ſoon as I could articulate, I ſaid,

" Alas, then, ſhe muſt be now ruined indeed! What have you done!"

" Done, Frank!" he wildly vociferated, " did not you ſay that I have killed my friend! But I have not yet done all! Light of heaven! thou art a curſe to my eyes!" He ſnatched the other piſtol. By ſeizing his hand, and diſarming him, I prevented an action, if poſſible, ſtill more raſh and precipitate than the other.

Poſſeſſed now of the loaded piſtol, I ran to poor William. The ball had entered his breaſt, on the right ſide. I ſat down by him, and ſupported his head upon my knees. He was faint, but not delirious.

Seeing Charles, he lift up his hand, ſaying, " You have taken ample revenge, ſir. But oh! you have made the injury I have offered to the loveliеſt of women, for ever irreparable. Oh, that I alone was to ſuffer for my mad-

neſs! I could die content. I forgive you, Charles: can you forgive me?"

Charles ſtood in gloomy ſuſpence, violently agitated between rage, terror, and remorſe.

William, ſtill endeavouring to lift his hand, ſaid, "My vile action has given you juſt provocation: you have taken the forfeit of my life; but you are not ſatisfied: you will not forgive me!"

The other bent forward, extending his hand; then ſuddenly withdrawing it, and articulating, in quick ſucceſſion, "My unhappy friend! Deteſted villain!" Poor William's arm dropped to the ground. He ſhed a tear, ſaying, "God of Mercy! thou doſt repay me with rigour!" His face, with a convulſive motion, turned toward my knees.

"God may forgive thee," exclaimed Charles. "But ſhe was the pride

of my life. Thou haſt robbed me of my ſiſter, inſulted my innocent Eliſa! The blackeſt fiend in hell would not have had the heart to injure her. I cannot forgive thee. But, there!' throwing himſelf furiouſly on the ground, and offering the loaded piſtol which I had laid down, " Take that! Avenge thyſelf, and let us die! The breach can never be repaired. I cannot ſupport life. Thou haſt rendered it a burden to me. Eaſe me of that; I will forgive and thank thee."

The poor youth fainted with pain and remorſe.

Charles threw himſelf upon his breaſt, ſaying, " Oh, my friend! Oh, my ſiſter! Heaven have pity upon us, and our unfortunate parents!"

At the time that William's ſervant gave me the alarm, Mr. Powell and

doctor Weaver were driving in at the caſtle gate. They ſoon perceived the confuſion of the family, and followed me into the park. They heard the report of the piſtols in the Elm Walk, and drove thither with all ſpeed; but the unevenneſs of the ground obliged them to alight at ſome diſtance. They were now almoſt arrived at the ſpot.

I ſaid to Charles, "Behold your father and doctor Weaver. Had not you better withdraw? That horſe will ſoon carry you to Milford."

He got up, ſtood in ſtupid conſternation, but refuſed to move. I then immediately diſpatched the boy, with the horſe, for a ſurgeon. This I ought to have done the moment the ſervant reached the place; but the diſtreſsful ſcene before me had almoſt deprived me of recollection.

The unhappy fathers approached, and found my two friends in the de-

plorable ſituation already deſcribed. Doctor Weaver fell upon the neck of his ſon, who had juſt recovered ſufficient ſtrength to know him, and bid him farewell. Preſently reviving a little more, from his faintneſs, he ſaid, "Be not ſevere to poor Charles. The affliction I have cauſed to his ſiſter is more than my life is worth. Let my father forgive him, and forgive me."

His qualm returned, and he could proceed no further.

The doctor, for ſome time, wept, and bemoaned himſelf over him. Then turning to Charles, who continued motionleſs in the place, he ſaid, "Fly, ſir, fly from my ſight: you have killed my only child. If I find you upon the face of the earth, juſtice will demand your life."

"Whither ſhould I fly, ſir!" replied the other, wildly. "In no place ſhall I eſcape from miſery. My pa-

rents, my ſiſter wretched—my friend murdered! Can I deſire life? God of heaven! whatever is done to me, let it be done ſpeedily. I can implore no further mercy."

All this time, Mr. Powell uttered not a word. He found himſelf, at once, and for ever, deprived of happineſs in his children. The affliction was too great for his heart to comprehend it. His looks, his attitude, altogether denoted a perfect inſenſibility.

The calamity was ſharp and unforeſeen. An uninterrupted ſeries of proſperous events had put him off his guard, and rendered him unequal to the combat.

We did not venture to move my fallen friend, till the ſurgeon arrived, and had examined his wound. He gave

us but little hopes. He looked at Charles, and pointed toward the ſea.

The deſperate youth comprehended the hint, and anſwered it only with a ghaſtly ſmile. Unable, however, to encounter the diſtreſſes at Morley caſtle,—even without ſpeaking to his father, he ſlowly retired down the hill. Mr. Powell followed him with his eyes, till he had vaniſhed among the trees in the verge. For a long while after, his looks were fixed on the ſpot where he had diſappeared. It was not the glance of emotion; it was not the impaſſioned look of ſorrow or apprehenſion: it was a vacant and dreadful glare.

Charles proceeded to Pembroke, but uſed no means to conceal himſelf; in conſequence of which, he has been apprehended, and is now lodged in the county priſon.

The ſurgeon declaring it impoſſible

to remove Mr. Weaver to the rectory, we were under the neceſſity of carrying him to Morley caſtle. His preſence was not neceſſary to make it the abode of miſery. Mr. Powell walked ſilently along with us: he threw himſelf upon the ſofa, and took no notice of any thing that paſſed.

Mrs. Powell encountered this dreadful ſcene better than any of us. In the calm walks of life, her characteriſtic appears to be a generous, delicate ſenſibility. Her mind is a noble reſource. Her excellent ſpirit rouſes and exalts itſelf to meet the calamities that grow and darken before her. She never attends to her own afflictons, while ſhe has it in her power to alleviate thoſe of her friends. May Heaven ſupport her under them! If ſhe is compelled to ſink, ſhe will ſink to riſe no more.

A ſervant imprudently diſcloſed part of the tale to the diſtreſſed Eliſa. The ſhock deprived her of her reaſon. From that fatal moment, now five days, ſhe has ſcarcely enjoyed a lucid interval. In her preſent ſituation, the moſt fervent prayer I can addreſs to heaven is for her ſpeedy death.

I have enquired of William's ſervant reſpecting what he had ſeen of the beginning of this unhappy rencounter; and from him I received the following relation:

" Mr. Powell came up to us juſt as I had delivered the piſtols to my maſter. I did not perceive that he was angry. He ſaid, " Mr. Weaver, order your ſervant to withdraw for a few minutes; I have buſineſs of ſome importance with you."

" My maſter beckoned to me, and I

went to ſuch a diſtance, that they might have talked together, without my hearing them; but Mr. Powell ſpoke rather loud.

"When I inform you, ſir," ſaid he, "that I am acquainted with the treachery you have practiſed toward your friend, in concealing the motive of your viſits to my ſiſter, and the groſs injury you have done to my family, my buſineſs with you can need but little explanation. You will find the piſtols I lent you are properly loaded: I come provided with a pair for myſelf."

"I confeſs, Charles," ſaid my maſter, "I have acted very wrong. But I was mad. If you knew how wretched I have made myſelf, you would pity me. I intreat you, for the preſent, to reſtrain your reſentment. You will find me as firm and active in reſtoring the peace of that family, which

I greatly value, as I have been raſh and thoughtleſs in diſturbing it."

"Hell and madneſs!" ſaid Mr. Powell, in a terrible paſſion, "keep your diſtance! Attempt not to palliate the matter: theſe are facts that can admit of no apology, and of no reparation, but one. You are miſtaken, Mr. Weaver: you have not to deal with meek ruſtics nor with cowards. Eliſa Powell is my ſiſter. It is impoſſible that both of us ſhould ſurvive her diſgrace. Take your ground, and defend yourſelf."

"My maſter ſtill continued to ſpeak ſoftly," ſaid the young man; "but I could diſtinguiſh nothing more. Fearing ſome miſchief would be done, and not daring to interrupt them, I ran for aſſiſtance."

"This, my dear ſir, is the beſt account

I can give you of the events of that dreadful day; events, which would have excited compaſſion in the breaſt of a ſavage." I was preſent, a friend and a lover. Judge then of the perplexing diſtreſſes that wrung the heart of

Your unhappy ſon,

FRANCIS ARNOLD.

I ſubjoin a copy of William's fatal letter to Eliſa:

"To Miſs Powell.

"Eliſa!

"I am truly wretched. It cannot be otherwiſe, till I have blotted from your memory the raſh and cruel action I committed in a moment of frenzy. By my preſuming to write, you may

conjecture the diſtracted ſtate of my mind.

" You left me, Eliſa, before you had pronounced my pardon. It is preſumption ever to hope for it. And yet, unleſs you can forgive me; unleſs you can ſtill love me; unleſs you can calm the diſtreſs of your own mind; that generous benevolence which prompted you to pity my wretchedneſs, to relieve it, by acknowledging your regard, and to conceal my crime, all muſt be loſt. I cannot live without recovering your affection, and reſtoring your peace. If Eliſa is any longer unhappy; Weaver muſt be—damned!

" To look back is madneſs! I will dare to forget the paſt; I will dare to ſuppoſe you can pardon me; I will truſt in Eliſa's hand the ſlender thread of hope, to which my life is ſuſpended.

" Hear me, O Eliſa! From you, I went immediately to my father. The

delays and ſcruples which had been dictated by an unfeeling heart; that harſh injunction of baniſhment, the parent of my crime and of my miſery —Why ſhould I mention particulars? The obſtinacy of paternal tyranny was ſtill conſiſtent with itſelf.

" But, Oh! thou deareſt, thou moſt injured Eliſa! love and remorſe ſurmount all obſtacles, and brook no delays. With a diſtracted head, an agonizing heart, have I formed a project to relieve us both from further ſolicitation and anxiety.

" To morrow morning I am ordered to ſet out for Oxford. Doctor Weaver's chariot takes me as far as Swanſea. I have diſpatched a confidential perſon to ſecure relays of horſes, at the ſeveral poſts, on the Northern road.

" Is it poſſible! In the fondneſs of my heart, I have depended upon the concurrence of Eliſa. It will be an

eaſy matter for her to pretend a viſit to her couſin Arabella, and to take Nancy with her in the carriage. Mr. Powell's coachman will return when he has ſet her down at Mrs. Wilkins' millener's.

" Come then, my deareſt life! Fear nothing. I will leave a letter in the poſt-office for Mrs. Powell. She is our cordial friend. Your parents, Eliſa, will not reſent our flight. If mine does, I have ſomething independent of him. I have, beſides, conſiderable connexions, and, perhaps, ſome little abilities. I ſhall be able to ſupport myſelf in the ſtyle of a gentleman, and to provide for my Eliſa, without his aſſiſtance.

" Do not then, my own Eliſa! condemn the raſhneſs of my ſcheme, nor deſpiſe me for one inſtance of——To think of it is horrid: yet, remember, it is not my conduct that is faulty, it

is not my heart; it was the momentary frenzy of the ſoul.

"The tranſport I felt in the company of Eliſa, when the lovelieſt of women acknowledged I was not indifferent to her; when the tender bluſh, the heaving of her throbbing breaſt, the faint languor that ſubdued her ſenſes, confirmed the generous accents of her lips— From that moment, I was no longer a reaſonable being. Still I was reſpectful, though an entranced lover.

"The infernal miſtake into which I was plunged the next inſtant, made me forget myſelf—forget Eliſa! It would have made an angel forget his purity, were he capable of human feelings. The moment I ſaw that handkerchief, ought to have been my laſt. You would then have regretted my untimely fate; you would have remembered me with eſteem.

" It is enough, Eliſa: with all my failings, you know me. You know that the principal object of my preſent plan is the reſtoring of your peace. Any further anxiety to that innocent breaſt, ariſing from a fault that was wholly mine, is ſurely more than heaven can permit. I cannot eſteem William Weaver ſufficiently to be actuated by any proſpect of my own happineſs. It can never be till Eliſa's forgiveneſs has eraſed from my memory the only inſtance of my life that inſpires me with ſelf-deteſtation.

I ſhall wait two days at Swanſea, anxiouſly hoping for the ſeal of pardon from the lips of Eliſa. But, Oh! thou diſpoſer of my life! remember, if I have ſinned againſt thee, paſt forgiveneſs in this life, there will be no room for mercy in the next. Burn this paper, and caſt a veil of eternal oblivion

over my fault, when you hear of the death of the unfortunate

W. Weaver."

"P. S. I ſhould have thrown myſelf, this day, at the feet of Eliſa, to receive from her own mouth the deciſion of my fate; but ſhe muſt be ſenſible that ſome ſerious conſequence might attend my meeting with captain Arnold. The boiling in my veins, ſince the time that my father pronounced him the declared lover of Eliſa, has warned me to avoid his preſence."

LETTER XVI.

To GEORGE ARNOLD, Eſq.

Dear Sir,

YESTERDAY evening poor William ſent for me. He had ſomething which he thought it high time to communicate. I reflect with ſatisfaction that the melancholy interview was no longer delayed. The ball is not extracted. His diſſolution ſeems inevitable, and at no great diſtance.

When I approached the bed, he ſtretched out his feeble hand, ſaying, "Frank, I am a dying man. As far as the remorſe of my conſcience will admit of it, I wiſh to die in peace. Can you forgive me?"

My dear William," I anſwered, " I am, and have always been perfectly at peace with you. Had you ever given me a juſt cauſe of reſentment, your preſent unfortunate ſituation would have baniſhed it from my breaſt."

" I thank your generous heart," ſaid William, " I indulged, for ſome time, the utmoſt rancour againſt you; I was ſure you muſt have perceived it, and did not know that you were too noble-minded to return it: but how is that dear girl ?"

I thought it neceſſary, my father, to diſſemble the truth, and replied, " Do not afflict yourſelf, William: Eliſa is as well as can be expected, after the accumulated ſhocks ſhe has received."

" Unhappy—too lovely Eliſa," he exclaimed: " Heaven, I truſt, has reſerved a recompence for her merit, a conſolation for her ſorrows. May you both be happy, when I am no more!"

I thought a tear flowed into his eyes; but, in an inſtant, it was abſorbed again. I did not interrupt him.

"It lies heavy at my heart, Frank," continued William: "It is full time, by expoſing my own conduct, to convince you that Eliſa is ſtill deſerving of your eſteem and affection. What happened in my father's preſence, on the day I declared my paſſion, you may have learned from him.

"Search under my pillow, Frank. You will find a paper. I hope you will be able to read it. I prevailed on James to furniſh me with pen and ink. It was contrary to the ſurgeon's orders, but it has eaſed my mind from a load, which would be dreadful to carry, the way I am going."

I ſearched as I was directed, and drew out a paper, which I held in my hand, not thinking it prudent to read it at that time.

William ſaid, "Take care of it, Frank. It is a taſk for your leiſure: but I muſt once more take up the pen. You muſt ſee me ſign it. Poor Charles was exaſperated with the idea that I had depraved the ſentiments of his ſiſter. This will give him ſome conſolation. It will remove an obſcure myſtery from her injured character.

I then gave him a pen and the paper. With a convulſed hand he wrote:

"According to the truth of the above particulars, may I be dealt with to morrow!

WILLIAM WEAVER."

He looked at it, and aſked if the name was complete. The paper and pen dropped from his hand. He ſmiled on me, ſaying, "I thank God, it is finiſhed. I thank you, my dear couſin, for your patience, and——"

He ſaid no more, but ſunk into a dozing ſlumber. In a few minutes, he awoke again, and ſaid, "Frank, you know what paſſed between my father and me, at our ſecond interview. My failing of ſucceſs put me upon the project, contained in the fatal letter, which fell into Charles' hand. If you ſhould be called upon, in his trial, ſay, that he was my deareſt friend; that I forgave him, that he acted under a dreadful impreſſion, but did no more than, with the ſame provocation, I ſhould have done myſelf. I have loſt him, loſt Eliſa, and myſelf! Forgive me, Heaven! Forgive me, my injured friends! Oh! in compaſſion to my ſufferings and deſpair, forgive——"

His eyes cloſed again, and he was ſilent. I ſat ſome time, and then retired as quietly as I could, beckoning to the nurſe, who reſumed her attendance.

Of the paper I mentioned above, the following is an exact copy:

"On the brink of the grave, I, William Weaver, ſtop to make this true confeſſion. It is due to the innocent!

"Humbled by a ſevere reprimand from my father, diſtracted with love, burning with jealouſy, and petrified with deſpair, I retired from his preſence on the 11th of June, and went into my own room.

"I was doomed to leave the neighbourhood, and give up Eliſa to the importunities of another. If I loſt her, I loſt all; yet the more I meditated upon her conduct toward me, the leſs could I preſume upon her affection. Now was the only time to obtain a certainty of my fate. But how was I to obtain it? Of late, Eliſa had ſhunned my company.

After a long debate with myſelf, I determined to force my way into her preſence, to hope and live, or deſpair and die. I got up; but my heart ſunk within me. I had recourſe to an expedient which, by habit, I had never indulged. In the delirium of grief and perplexity, I drank nearly a bottle of Madeira. My ſpirits were raiſed; my reſolution was confirmed; but I felt no ſymptoms of intoxication. Going directly to Morley caſtle, meeting Eliſa's maid, and enquiring for her miſtreſs, I learned that ſhe was in the greenhouſe. I ran up, through the garden, and entered without ceremony.

"I ſaw her in an undreſs of white muſlin, blooming and beautiful as an angel. She was buſy, arranging her geraniums, and training up ſome favourite flowers which ſhe had raiſed with her own hand.

"The dear girl rebuked my intru-

ſion, by ſaying, "Mr. Weaver, if you wiſh to continue my acquaintance, you muſt learn to reſpect me. I thought the hint, which I gave you ſome time ago, would have been ſufficient to prevent your ſeeking me here.

"I replied, "This is not a time, Eliſa, to ſtand upon punctilios. I am come to take my leave before I depart, to die at your feet, or to live by your decree. From your long reſentment of my kindeſt attentions, I foreſee that I have but little to hope: that little, I cannot reſign till you command me. Heavens! you frown upon me! Adieu, then, for ever! Captain Arnold, I ſee, is the happy lover, approved by the friends of us both; accepted by Eliſa!"

"Captain Arnold, ſir!" ſhe replied.

"Yes, madam, captain Arnold!

"You know it has been the happy negotiation of this day."

"William," ſaid Eliſa, "you ſurpriſe me! I had indeed ſome reaſon to ſuppoſe that gentleman's partiality to me; but ſurely you muſt be miſinformed! My father cannot inſiſt upon any ſuch thing."

"But my father," I replied, "inſiſts upon it, that I neither viſit nor correſpond with you from this time. For a whole twelvemonth he has even baniſhed me from the county, that my preſence may be no obſtacle in the proſpect of his nephew."

"And where will you go, William?" ſaid Eliſa.

"I am ordered for Oxford. I ſhall go—wherever my wayward fate may lead me."

"Eliſa was holding a lovely hyacinth in her hand. Her eyes were fixed upon it. She turned pale. A-

gain, ſhe looked up, and ſeemed as if ſhe made an effort to ſpeak. She trembled, and her countenance was confuſed. The little flowerpot dropped to the floor, and broke to pieces.

For ſome time, ſhe gazed at it in ſilence. At laſt ſhe ſaid, with an heſitating voice, "You have acknowledged to your father—"

"I have, my charming Eliſa," I replied:—He knows my whole heart."

"She then lift herſelf up, with a conſcious dignity, ſaying, "I cannot conceive what doctor Weaver could diſcover in me that is not worthy of his eſteem!"

I anſwered, "I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, he does eſteem and admire you; but he thinks proper to puniſh my fatal diffidence."

"Where were my father and mother at the time?" ſaid Eliſa.

"Both preſent," I replied. "Go-

verned by my unfeeling parent, they even aggravated my tortures by indulging me with a hopeleſs condition."

"What condition was that?" ſaid Eliſa.

"It was," ſaid I, that if captain Arnold failed of ſucceſs, they would, at a future day, commit me to the mercy of Eliſa."

"Eliſa lifted up her eyes, with a confuſed ſmile; then picked up, and contemplated the pieces of the broken flower. She muſed, and was ſilent: after a pauſe, ſhe ſaid to me, "When muſt you go, ſir?"

"I have but one day left," I replied, "and that day introduces captain Arnold. This hour, perhaps, is the laſt that my eyes muſt dwell upon that lovely form. Here I muſt relinquiſh my faireſt hopes. Permit me, once more, to touch that deareſt hand. The recollection of it will be ſome conſola-

tion to me, in the midſt of my deſpair."

She gave me her hand, and, with the other, took out a handkerchief, and applied it to her face, ſaying, at the ſame time, with great emotion, "Be not dejected, William. Submit to your baniſhment, and—confide in Eliſa."

"I caught her to my heart, ſaying, "Deareſt creature! doſt thou then give me life!"

"I am above diſſimulation," ſhe replied. "Aſſured of the approbation of our friends, I need not bluſh—to——"

But ſhe did bluſh: her boſom heaved, and ſhe ſunk, fainting, into my arms.

I took up the handkerchief which ſhe had dropped, to dip it into ſome water, and ſprinkle her face. Some infernal accident directed my eyes to

the letters in the corner of the handkerchief. It was marked *F. A.*— Stung with madneſs and jealouſy, I threw it aſide, and took up another which lay in the window. The ſame letters appeared half-formed, and a needle attached to them.

" Perdition ſieze them!" I exclaimed. " Arnold is the favourite. My hopes are built upon a vapour. The tenderneſs of a moment will be forgotten, while I am an outcaſt from her ſociety. " *She need not bluſh,*" ſhe told me. Bluſh, for what? " *For acting according to the approbation of her parents!* For receiving Arnold's hand!" But I will prevent him. From this inſtant ſhe is mine!"

" Whether the dreadful liquor I had drunk contributed to ſubdue my reaſon, I cannot tell, or whether that circumſtance will be regarded as a palliative or an aggravation of my crime at

the bar where I muſt appear. May heaven, may our friends,—may Eliſa forgive me!——I took advantage of her ſituation, to attempt the moſt infernal deed that jealouſy and madneſs ever inſpired.

"She recovered her ſenſes, time enough to prevent the accompliſhment of my abominable purpoſe. She ſprung from my arms, and it was with difficulty I prevented her from throwing herſelf out at the window.

As ſoon as her indignation and terror were ſufficiently appeaſed to permit her to articulate; (Her words even now ſound in my ears: they drown the call of death!) "Begone, thou inhuman!" ſaid ſhe, "Boaſt how thou canſt requite an effort of generous compaſſion. From this moment I diſcard thee. If thy life be worth thy care, haſte to preſerve it. By the proſtitution of my regard, I am ſo humbled

that I can no longer eſteem myſelf. As ſoon as my poor father and brother return, thy crime ſhall be publiſhed."

In the frenzy of paſſion, I exclaimed, "Eliſa's reproaches and threats are equally loſt upon madneſs. Behold this handkerchief!"

"That handkerchief, thou wretch," ſaid Eliſa, "is as innocent an object to me, as thou art a deteſtable one. From my mother's hand I received it: to her I ſhould have returned it."

"This explanation brought me to the uſe of reaſon, and a full ſenſe of my heinous behaviour.

"It was a long time before I could, in any meaſure, calm the tumult in Eliſa's breaſt. At laſt, I obtained a promiſe of ſecreſy, with a woful injunction, that I ſhould never more inſult her with my preſence. She would not pronounce my pardon. I propoſed, once more, to throw myſelf upon my father's mer-

cy, and implore his permiſſion to make immediate reparation for the inſult. She continued weeping bitterly; but made no reply. I attended her down to the houſe: ſhe called to her maid, and went up ſtairs. I left her ill and dejected. I ſaw her no more. To the laſt moment, ſhe never pronounced my pardon.

" According to the truth of the above particulars, may I be dealt with to-morrow.

WILLIAM WEAVER."

LETTER XVII.

To GEORGE ARNOLD, Eſq.

Dear Sir,

MY unfortunate couſin! Alas! it is all over. The fever came on again, and was ſoon ſucceeded by delirium and raving. In the morning, he was rather calm, and recollected his father and me. About noon, he was ſeized with ſtrong convulſions. They continued, with ſome intermiſſions, till five o'clock.—He is no more!

LETTER XVIII.

To the SAME.

Dear Sir,

AT twelve o'clock laſt night, William's body was removed to doctor Weaver's. Unhappy man! you would hardly know him, my father. The dignified pomp of his manner; the unbending ſternneſs of his countenance, all is vaniſhed. He ſees and laments, that he has been but half a parent; that, while he maintained, with a high hand, his paternal authority, he forgot the equally important indulgences and friendly affability, which inſpire confidence, and ſecure the dutiful affection of a child.

"This young man, couſin Arnold," ſaid the afflicted father, "with a different treatment would have made a bright character. He was not deficient in ſpirit or abilities. I did not know him, alas! till this irretrievable calamity inſtructed me. I did not properly know myſelf. I thought I was acting right at the very time when I urged him to the exceſſes of deſpair and frenzy! Why had I not reflected? He could not communicate to me his ſentiments. I now ſee the reaſon why he could not. I forced him to place his chief confidence in his aſſociates at Oxford, young men of equal inexperience, and ſometimes of worſe principles than himſelf. I am ſatisfied, he had an innate ſenſe of honour. As far as the ebullition of youth, undirected by a parent's hand, would admit of it, he cheriſhed it. I treated him ſeverely for faults which my own conduct oc-

caſioned. Too late, I feel and lament my error. It is juſt that I ſhould lament and feel it."

Theſe ſelf reproaches, uttered by ſuch a man as doctor Weaver, to me, were exquiſitely affecting; but, at the ſame time, being too ſenſible of their juſtice, what could I ſay to conſole him?

Your own heart, my dear father, will convince you, that he can never be cordially reconciled to Charles Powell, though he ſincerely commiſerates his ſituation.

"It was a cruel act," he ſays, "but it was the momentary tranſport, the reſentment of a generous and noble mind. I could never bear to ſee him any more; I cannot forget my poor ſon weltering in his blood: yet I could wiſh to let him live. Why ſhould I deſtroy Mr. Powell and his family, by adding to their afflictions? My old

friend's heart is already almoſt broke. Did you obſerve how earneſtly he looked at me yeſterday? I could not ſpeak to him, and he could not ſpeak; but his looks interceded moſt pathetically. It is a ſad neceſſity that compels me to proſecute his ſon to death. Frank, you muſt exert yourſelf. If it goes againſt the young man, I have yet another ſon to loſe. Think of poor Mr. Powell; think of the moſt amiable of mothers; think of Eliſa, whoſe ſpirit is already ſufficiently wounded!"

My father! I have always reſpected, but, till this moment, I never loved doctor Weaver. This is ſurely the triumph of a generous mind!

His weeping and kiſſing his dead ſon, while the gloomy train of mourners ſtood ſilent around him, will never be effaced from my memory. He lingered, ſtooping and trembling over the coffin. As he was turning away,

he ſaid, "Proceed, William: I ſhall ſoon follow thee."

In leaving the room, he ſtopped; he looked again at the coffin; the cover had been laid on; he forced himſelf away, ſaying, "Poor youth! thou art gone to a better father!" In this world thou hadſt a ſevere one!"

He lay down on the ſofa, groaning, and covering his face.

My father! ſhall not I be the better for all I have ſeen? My own conduct has been chargeable with ſome youthful follies: you have forgiven them. I thank my God, rather than my own prudence, I have as yet committed no fatal error! Toward all mankind, I have hitherto retained my integrity. I will never let it go!

I muſt ſay ſomething to you reſpecting Mr. Powell's family. The heart-piercing image of Eliſa firſt preſents itſelf. It is a ſubject that confounds all deſcription. It is a torrent that overwhelms the feeling breaſt. To this adorable girl, the loſs of reaſon may, in ſome reſpects, be conſidered as a bleſſing. It has ſaved her from an agony of diſtreſs that would have been abſolutely inſupportable. She never knew that William was in the houſe, till after his body had been carried away. Her ravings have been dreadful. At one time, ſhe would intercede with doctor Weaver, as if he were preſent, for the peace of his ſon. She would expoſtulate, and aſk him if he intended to force the unhappy youth to deſpair and ſuicide; if he could bear to ſee the body of his only ſon mangled by his own hand.

Again ſhe would exclaim againſt the

cruelty of William's behaviour. She would aſk, if it was not an inhuman deed to treat her with indignity, at the very moment when, in the tenderneſs of her ſoul, ſhe was relieving him from the diſtreſs occaſioned by his father's ſeverity. I heard her add, "Go, go, William: thou haſt broken Eliſa's heart; but I will not hurt thee. Thou haſt driven me from my father's houſe, from the arms of my indulgent mother. I ſhall never ſee them more; I muſt wander among theſe bleak mountains. Let me ſee thee, at times angling in the brook, or ſitting under the rock. Let me know that thou art ſtill alive, though baniſhed by thy father: but come not nigh me; leave me, thou wretch! If thou doſt approach Eliſa, I will pierce thy heart."

At other times, ſhe would cry out, "Have patience, Charles! Will you deſtroy your ſiſter! Will you murder

poor William? I muſt not let you go. He has acted vilely; but, indeed, you muſt not hurt him. Let me puniſh him. If thou wilt kill me, think of thyſelf. Have pity on my father, who is gone to bury my dear mother. Is there room in the grave? Place me between them—I will keep peace."

What we all dreaded was the recovery of her bodily health, with a perpetual depravation of her underſtanding. Impreſſed with this idea, even her tender mother thanked heaven, when the phyſician declared that he had but little hopes of her life.

It appears, however, at preſent, that the phyſician was miſtaken. She has, for theſe two days, recovered her recollection. Her ſpirits are as compoſed as we can expect, and ſhe begins to acquire ſome degree of ſtrength. Mrs.

Powell has, with great caution, informed her of all that has happened. She conſiders her own imprudence, in not giving her mother immediate information, when William procured her picture, as the cauſe of our aggravated calamities. Her affliction cannot be expreſſed, and ſhe will not ſuffer a friend to approach her with conſolation. But, as ſhe does not relapſe into her late delirium, we begin to have ſome hopes of her ſurviving the dreadful ſhock. Can ſhe ever be happy?

It is not, my dear ſir, any diſtant proſpect of obtaining the hand of this amiable girl, that now detains me lingering in this neighbourhood. She may recover to a certain degree. I ſtill love and eſteem her. What has ſhe done to forfeit my eſteem or love? But ſuch ſevere trials, acting upon the ſenſibility

of Eliſa's heart, muſt have a laſting effect. I cannct aſſociate the idea of happineſs with that of a broken heart. I neglect form, I overlook little proprieties, merely that I may put myſelf in the way to do every friendly act in my power; and I conſider that I may ſtill be uſeful till Charles' trial is over.

Mr. Powell has exerted himſelf beyond his ſtrength. For ſeveral days and nights, he has travelled, with little intermiſſion, to engage, againſt the enſuing aſſizes, an eminent counſellor, in his ſon's behalf. He has retained Mr. E——, who, I doubt not, will do all that can be done to alleviate the hand of juſtice; but, I fear, all will be ineffectual. The unhappy father's fatigue, his ſorrows and his apprehenſions, have contributed to impair his health, and weigh down his placid ſpi-

rit. If the gout in the ſtomach, which ſometimes handles him ſo ſeverely, ſhould at this time—But I need not have recourſe to dreadful poſſibilities: we have enough to do with realities. He now ſits down, in languid weakneſs, and fearful apprehenſion.

Mrs. Powell, as yet, holds up ſurpriſingly. Her attendance upon her daughter is interrupted only by frequent viſits to poor Charles, and conſolatory attentions to her huſband. This excellent and extraordinary woman poſſeſſes more greatneſs of mind than commonly falls to the ſhare of a mortal. She tells me, ſhe has no time to reflect upon her own calamities and thoſe of her family, till ſhe knows the full extent of them, and till every poſſible expedient be tried to impede their progreſs, and counteract their effects.

But, my dear father, I foreſee the fatal event of her efforts. By main

force, ſhe pens up a torrent that is ſtill accumulating, and will one day break forth with terrible devaſtation. She cannot ſleep; ſhe has loſt her appetite; ſhe avoids ſolitude, even for a moment. Her countenance is wan, faint, and heavy. You know, it retained a ſurpriſing bloom, an unparalleled ſweetneſs for a woman of forty. When I ſee her put on an appearance of cheerfulneſs, and encourage it in thoſe about her, it has a ſtrange effect upon me. I look at her: I endeavour to favour the kind deception; but, while I am haſtening from her preſence, I burſt into tears.

I have twice viſited my unhappy friend in his confinement. How changed from that gay, ſpirited, elegant youth, the admiration and envy of his acquaintance! His perſon is neglected; his eye gloomy and ſullen; his manner

ſevere, diſtant, and ſententious. At my firſt viſit, he ſaw me enter, made a formal bow, and, without ſpeaking, pointed to a ſeat. I could only ſtand and gaze at him. At laſt, he came forward, and took my hand, ſaying, "Frank, I can accommodate you but indifferently; you will excuſe it. Had I taken your advice, I ſhould not have given you the trouble to viſit me in this place; but I do not know that I ſhould have gained much by it. I have ſomething to tell you. Perhaps my words may make an impreſſion. Young men, ſuch as you and I, are apt to miſcall the violent extravagances of paſſion, and the abſurd maxims of cuſtom, by the ſpecious names of ſpirit, courage, or honour. I find it is all a miſtake. Theſe maſſy walls, and the ſolitary cell appointed for my lodging, are grave inſtructors in philoſophy. True ſpirit and real courage conſiſts in the govern-

ment of paſſion, the contempt of abſurd cuſtom, and public opinion; the patient inveſtigation of a ſuppoſed injury; forgiveneſs of a real one, where it is practicable; and, where it is not, a manly appeal to the laws of our country. Theſe are all true points of honour alſo, as well as inſtances of courage. I have learned them under an auſtere, but experienced maſter. But you will ſay, my learning came a little out of ſeaſon, rather late in life. For want of knowing the value of theſe maxims in time, I have done—what can never be undone. Ah, poor William! Things might have been managed better. They would have been happy. The ſting of remorſe and indignation would have been blunted by time, and I need not have been the wretch——Had even my worſt ſuſpicions been well founded, had my ſiſter been ruined, ought I to have been the

firſt to blaſt her reputation, and, in my madneſs, to publiſh her diſgrace even before the ſervants ?"

He has every indulgence allowed him which his ſituation will admit of; but he cannot indulge himſelf. He folds his arms in woful meditation, and feeds upon the horrors of deſpair.

The laſt time I ſaw him, which was two days ago, he appeared very low and deſponding. His hand at intervals, was ſo hot, I could ſcarcely bear to hold it. The apothecary, who attends the priſon, has recommended the calling in of a ſkilful phyſician.

Mrs. Powell went this morning to ſee her ſon. Upon her return, Mr. Powell roſe from the ſofa to meet her. He ought to have been in his bed. He took her arm, and ſeated her by his ſide. Eliſa attempted to totter to

her mother, but her ſteps failed her: ſhe ſunk into a chair. That excellent lady looked affectionately upon them both, ſaying with a placid ſmile: "My dear huſband and daughter, we have never experienced affliction till lately. We have been a happy family. Perhaps the Almighty ſaw that we were too unmindful of his bleſſings. He has thought fit to viſit us with afflictions. Let us reſpect his corrections: let us not murmur nor deſpond. We are ſtill in his hand, who knows beſt what we can bear, and who has promiſed, in the ſeverity of juſtice, to remember mercy. If we can conſider this life as what it really is, and, without overrating its fleeting enjoyments, place our whole dependence for happineſs in a better ſtate, we ſhall not be diſappointed in our truſt. We ſhall find it an anchor of

hope, that will hold againſt every ſtorm of adverſity."

This ſublime expreſſiou of reſignation failed of its intended effect. Mr. Powell's lips quivered: Eliſa cried out —"Oh! my poor brother is dead!"

"No, my love," ſaid Mrs. Powell, "he is not dead; but I found him much indiſpoſed. If we conſider his death as not an impoſſible, nor even an improbable event, it will have a tendency to fortify us againſt the ſuddenneſs of the ſhock, ſhould it in reality take place. I wiſhed to give you that timely caution, to put you upon your guard againſt any thing that may happen. You are not, however, to ſuppoſe I have reſigned all hope, that our dear Charles will yet be reſtored to us."

I acquainted Mrs. Powell with my

intention of ſitting a few hours to night with my ſick friend.

"Whatever you diſcover reſpecting his complaint," ſaid ſhe, "I muſt requeſt you to diſcloſe it candidly to me, and to me alone. My huſband and daughter's health is much impaired. It requires ſome management, to prepare them for the reception of ill news."

"Then you found my poor friend dangerously ill?" ſaid I.

"He does not complain much, ſir; but, to me, he ſeems in a very bad way. You will hear the opinion of the phyſicians."

At the time of my late viſit to Charles Powell, he had not been informed of William's death. He knew, however, that his recovery was impoſſible. The fatal tale has ſince been

rumoured in the priſon. As I entered his apartment this afternoon, his eyes examined my uniform. Obſerving I did not wear mourning, he ſaid, "Frank, you are too kind to me; but your precaution was needleſs; I know it all. My God! how ſhall I appear before thee, to anſwer for the murder of my friend! Unfortunate William! He touched me in the tendereſt point. I do not think (miſled as I was by the prejudice of education) that I could, in ſuch a manner, have reſented any perſonal injury offered to myſelf. I have been fatally precipitate. This ſolitary, damp cell is an excellent aſſiſtant to the meditations of a man of honour. Anguiſh of heart, interrupted alarming ſlumbers, regret for the miſery of friends, and dreadful expectations, are the inſeparable companions of the murdered. Whether the deed be done with the piſtol, the dag-

ger, or the poiſon, it matters little: the wounded conſcience cannot diſcriminate: it is ſtill the deed of horror.

"Frank, let me repeat to you a piece of advice: if you reliſh my ſituation, you need not attend to it. Never, though forced to obey the call of honour, never let thy hand be guided by paſſion. Revenge is a ſweet potion but, believe me, it is a bad ſtomachic. I have compelled my wretched friends, moſt copiouſly, to partake of it. I dread to aſk you about them; and yet you muſt candidly tell me, how they ſupport their calamities?"

I gave him nearly the ſame account as you have received in my letters, excepting that I paſſed over ſome circumſtances entirely, and ſoftened others, as much as could be conſiſtently with candour.

He pauſed. He made an effort to conceal his agony; but his heart throb-

bed, his countenance changed, and his groans burſt forth. "It is ſo. How could it be otherwiſe? Could I ſuppoſe any thing was wanting to my wretchedneſs? I have killed my poor father and mother. I have been thy death, Eliſa! I cannot endure the torture of that reflection. Do you think, my dear Arnold, ſhe will ever have the fortitude to forgive me?"

"She has already forgiven you," I replied. "Her greateſt diſtreſs is upon your account. I have heard her cry out, "Thou God of Mercy and Compaſſion, look upon my deareſt brother! Preſerve him from the ignominy of a public death!"

He returned with a ſmile, "Then comfort the dear creature, my friend; ſay that her prayers will infallibly be heard."

"I have already aſſured her, my dear Charles, that William's declaration, to-

gether with the lenity which doctor Weaver will obſerve in the proſecution, may be conſidered as favourable circumſtances."

"My dear Frank," he reſumed, with a dreadful ſmile, "thy hopes are built upon ſandy ground: mine are upon a rock."

"I am rejoiced to hear it, my friend; may heaven confirm them!" ſaid I, at the ſame time, looking minutely about me, to diſcover if he had concealed any weapon'

He perceived my meaning, and added, "Do not apprehend I ſhall have recourſe to violence. I have had enough of piſtols. What is it o'clock?"

"Twenty minutes paſt ſeven."

"You will preſently ſee a gentleman that muſt confirm my aſſertion."

"Soon after he had ſaid this, he dropped into a dozing ſlumber, which he excuſed by ſaying, he had ſcarcely

been aſleep or awake ſince his confinement.

I have ſnatched an opportunity, my father, while he reſts, to write to you. I know not what to make of him. He ſpeaks of little or no pain. His fever has left him; but his melancholy calmneſs, the haggard gloom of his countenance, and his myſterious confidence, have ſomething in them that by no means pleaſes me. Who can this gentleman be, that muſt confirm his aſſertion?

Alas, my father! after the melancholy beginning of this letter, you muſt expect a concluſion ſtill more melancholy. The door of the cell opened with a grating noiſe. Charles ſtarted from his ſlumber, and the phyſician entered. He approached my friend's bed, felt his pulſe, and remained ſilent.

Charles ſaid to him, " I am perfectly reſigned, ſir; and, for the ſatisfaction of this gentleman, I requeſt your candid anſwer. Do you think that hand will ever be held up at the bar of juſtice?"

" Never in this world," was the ſolemn reply of the phyſician, who was now holding his hand to aſcertain its degree of warmth.

Shocked at this declaration, I exclaimed, " My God, ſir, you have not informed the gentleman's friends of his immediate danger!"

" Mrs. Powell knows it," replied the doctor. " For the ſatisfaction of the family, I adviſed a conſultation of phyſicians. It has been held; but the ſtate of the gentleman's mind has ſuch an effect upon the diſeaſe as to baffle every medical effort."

I could only weep.

The doctor called the nurſe, and gave ſome directions. He looked up

to the little window of the cell; endeavoured, with his cane, to puſh the caſement ſomewhat wider, and finding it would not move, he ſaid, "Theſe houſes are not made for the comfort of the inhabitants." Soon after this, he took an affectionate leave of my poor friend.

I followed him to the common paſſage, and aſked how long he thought his patient could ſurvive.

"I can promiſe nothing," ſaid he; —"perhaps twenty-four hours, or at moſt ſix-and-thirty."

When the doctor was gone, Charles ſaid to me, "I wiſhed to adviſe with you reſpecting an interview with my dear friends. It would give me great ſatisfaction to ſee them once more: you know beſt whether they can ſupport it."

I replied, "If the ſtate of your health, my dear Charles, could be communi-

cated with due caution, I ſhould think it adviſable."

"My mother is perfectly acquainted with my ſituation," ſaid he. "She has promiſed to diſcloſe it to my father and ſiſter.

I ſent a letter to Mrs. Powell, intimating the phyſician's opinion, and her ſon's wiſh that, if poſſible, ſhe ſhould bring her huſband and daughter with her in the morning.

I ſtaid with Charles all night. He was reſtleſs and anxious, but had ſcarcely any pain. He frequently dropped into a kind of uneaſy ſlumber, from which he generally awoke on a ſudden; one moment, calling for additional clothes; and the next, complaining of an inſupportable weight.

The phyſician called early in the morning. He gave no preſcription; but directed the nurſe to withhold from

him nothing, for which he ſhould expreſs a deſire.

Alas, there was too much truth in his predictions!

About eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, and the diſtreſſed Eliſa, entered the cell. Charles was ſtill ſenſible. He extended his cold hands to his mother and ſiſter, caſt up an earneſt, ghaſtly look to his father, who ſilently leaned over him.

Oh, my dear father! what a ſubject remains! I can write no more!

LETTER XIX.

To the SAME.

My Dear Sir,

THE whole care of conducting poor Charles' funeral is left to me. His friends can give me no aſſiſtance, no direction. Even his noble-minded mother (my dear father, it is what I foreſaw with anguiſh of heart) has begun to ſtoop under the load of affliction. I can ſtay here no longer. I am now coming to you. I want that balm of conſolation which you and my beloved mother alone can adminiſter. My own ſituation, for the laſt five weeks, has been ſufficiently diſtreſſing. My two boſom friends no longer to comfort me! Loſt by ſuch a death! My dar-

ling hope of being happy in the ſociety and affection of Eliſa for ever vaniſhed! The dear creature herſelf, tottering before me, led by the ſullen hand of deſpair, ſtupified by the greatneſs of her woes—not deigning to deplore them!

I have been ſeverely tried! But what has been my trial? I have witneſſed calamities ſo much greater. For me to complain—It is a ſhame!

The particular circumſtances, I have omitted in theſe haſty letters, ſhall be imparted to you next Thurſday, when you may mix your own tears of condolence with thoſe of

Your ever dutiful

and afflicted ſon,

FRANCIS ARNOLD.

Upon the back of the following letter I find this note—it ſeems to be written by Mrs. Powell. "This was the firſt effort of my poor child's pen after ſhe had been reſtored to her reaſon. It was written about two month's after her brother's death. I prevailed on Arabella to give me the original."

To Miſs WILKINS.

YES, my deareſt Arabella, your affectionate letter found me alive, found me even reſtored to the uſe of my mental faculties. I feel the change in my returning love for my tender hearted couſin. I once more recollect the happy hours we enjoyed in each other's

company. Alas, with what unavailing regret, I recollect them! Like an enchanting dream, they are vaniſhed for ever and, I awake to miſery.

You, my dear couſin, yet may, and you will be happy; but for me—indeed, Arabella, you ſhould not have expreſſed the fainteſt hope. Can I ever forget the untimely death of a beloved brother; the hopeleſs affliction of my father; the ſilent ſorrow, the deſpair of my excellent mother; and that unfortunate youth, whoſe groans, as he was carried from the fatal ſpot, pierced my ear, and ſeemed to upbraid me with his murder? No, my friend, I can never forgive myſelf. No ſophiſtry ſhall perſuade me that the whole of this was not the effect of my own imprudent conduct.

Yet, as far as I can examine my heart, in my preſent ſituation, though exceedingly ſhocked by Weaver's death,

if the calamity had ſtopped there, I ſhould have ſeverely felt; but I might have borne my afflictions. My misfortune would not have been aggravated by every poſſible circumſtance. The tendereſt feelings, the approving ſympathy of the heart, would not have been added to the weight. I never could have married him, never more have admitted his ſociety.

You, Arabella, can teſtify to his merits. I owed him many obligations. To his unremitted attention I am indebted for much of the beſt information I have received. I can acknowledge all this, while I am weeping over his untimely fate; but, after all, he was not a man that ever could have warmly intereſted my affections. His undiſguiſed ſelfiſhneſs, which betrayed views, far from generous, in his kindeſt and even in his moſt trifling actions: his deſigning inſinuations and ſecret,

myſterious conduct, my heart could never approve. Ought I thus to dwell upon his defects! He loved me, and he died for me!

Even theſe reprehenſible parts of his character might, perhaps, be more juſtly aſcribed to that paternal auſterity, which conſtantly awed him into ſilence, than to any original bias in his diſpoſition.

The effect would have been equally unfortunate. It is to be lamented that a vicious habit, from whatever cauſe it is aſſumed, may be diſguiſed and concealed by art, but is hardly ever thrown aſide.

A hundred times did I reprove this lamented young man, for his improper behaviour, threatened and reſolved to avoid his company, or to inform my mother of his pointed and particular, though diſſembled attentions to me. So often, with tears, he conjured me,

not to expoſe him unjuſtly to his father's reſentment; promiſed to be more circumſpect in his conduct, and explained away the offence, till, notwithſtanding my judgment was not convinced, I accepted of his apology, and almoſt bluſhed at the imputation I had made.

Though diſſatisfied with myſelf—good-nature, and a confidence in my own innocence, kept me ſilent. Both my good-nature and my confidence were always painful, at the moment I exerted them; a ſure indication that I was acting wrong.

Oh my Arabella! We ſhould never attend to theſe impoſing principles, but when they give an immediate and unmixed ſatisfaction. If, for their ſakes, we ſtifle the ſlighteſt repugnance of delicacy, the admonition will return fainter, every time, till, by degrees, we may be ſeduced, with eaſe, from

the paths of virtue. Though my feelings have been blunted by ſevere affliction, I ſtill ſhudder, when I look back on the precipice I have eſcaped.

I had determined to make an effort. From time to time, it was delayed, till Mr. Weaver offered me his picture, and I diſcovered my own hanging in his boſom. This preſented me with a fair opportunity. It was an incident which could not be explained away.

For a ſhort month, I enjoyed my triumph. When I ſaw him in the garden, agitated by all the horrors of deſpair, baniſhed by a ſevere father, who cruelly tortured him, by magnifying the hopes of his rival; aſſured, as I then was, of the approbation of my friends, I felt myſelf overcome by a generous compaſſion. The word I then gave him ſhould never have been recalled. The ſucceſs of no rival ſhould have aggravated his misfortunes:

yet, if he had lived, after his inhuman conduct—I could never——

Think, Arabella, how ſoon my effort of benevolence was ſucceeded, by his attempt to effect my utter ruin! An action on which I ſtill reflect with horror! The reſentment that purſues it is ſcarcely reſtrained by the tomb which interpoſes between us. It was, I allow, the momentary extravagance of jealouſy; but never could I have cordially forgiven it. The mercy of heaven, I hope, is more perfect.

Surely, my dear couſin, the mind muſt have been greatly depraved, to render ſuch an action poſſible, under any circumſtance! It proves to me, that, if we are indulgent to the ſmalleſt impropriety in our conduct, it gradually ſinks into the heart, corrupts its affections, and weakens every principle of honour. There is no anſwering for the moral character; no impregnable

bulwark left againſt the baſeſt enormities.

This action alone would have determined the condition of my life. I could never have given my hand to a man who had ſo groſsly forfeited my eſteem; nor could I have dared to liſten to another.

Oh my Arabella! did I labour under ſome portion of your diſpleaſure, at the time my calamities fell upon me? How could you ſuſpect me? You, who always did, and ever will, poſſeſs the unreſerved confidence of your Eliſa!

The noble-hearted Arnold's partiality to me, I had long ſuppoſed. It never gave me pleaſure. I knew the ſituation of my dear Arabella's heart. I had formed a reſolution which might have made you a little angry for a moment. I ſhould have kept it, for your ſake, had William Weaver not been born. It was, to tell captain Arnold

plainly, the firſt time he addreſſed me as a lover, that the ſentiments which a very dear friend of mine entertained for him, would for ever prevent me from encouraging his addreſſes. To a man of Arnold's worth, ſuch a declaration could neither be improper nor indelicate.

So far is my heart from harbouring an idea which may impede your happineſs, that, woe-begone as I am, I feel a gleam of comfort in the reflection that this amiable man has not continued inſenſible to your merit. Oh Arabella, you will be a happy woman! I could almoſt call myſelf happy, when I conſider that our friendſhip will ſuffer no interruption. Our ſentiments have always been congenial, and our dear parents, who brought us up with the ſame tenderneſs and the ſame hopes, remarked with pleaſure, the ſtriking reſemblance of our perſons and diſpoſi-

tions. What a difference between us, at this hour! You, the comfort and pride of your family; I, through my fatal heedleſſneſs, the diſgrace and ruin of mine!

My poor mother! She is ſtill tender, ſtill affectionate. She cannot ſee a blemiſh in my character, a ſpot in my conduct; but I feel it in all its enormity. I ſee her, no longer the conſoling ſupport of her diſtreſſed family; the dignified, ſublime chriſtian, trampling affliction under her feet; but fallen and ſeverely wounded, feeble and languid, deſponding under the load, and fearfully declining in her health.

Oh Arabella, what may I not apprehend ſtill worſe than my preſent anguiſh of heart! Come to me, my friend, come and tell me candidly, if my dreadful fears are not too well grounded, if I ſhall not prove the death of

this moſt beloved, moſt amiable parent, and render this wretched being, no longer ſupportable to

The ſelf-condemned

ELISA POWELL.

LETTER XX.

To the Reverend JAMES WILSON.

Dear Wilſon,

I WILL not tell you how many times I peruſed thoſe pathetic letters and extracts of captain Arnold's, before I could ſit down to tranſcribe them. When I returned the firſt copies to Mr. Powell, he ſaid to me, "Now, my dear Stanley, I muſt give you ſome further account of myſelf, and the remains of my family, till the time we arrived in this place. But from the detail of our ſad hiſtory, which you have already ſeen, you know what to think of Eliſa.

"Some time ago, I was lamenting to

captain Arnold's father, that, during the confuſion of my family, my mind had been too much diſtreſſed to attend to every calamitous incident, and that many of them ſtill appeared myſterious to me. He informed me that his ſon had ſent him an account of the particulars. At my requeſt he favoured me with the papers which I put into your hands. The narrative contained in them is more circumſtantial than any I could have given, and it has ſpared me the pain of repetition.

" About ſix weeks after the death of my ſon, we perceived that Eliſa began gradually to recover. She had naturally a good conſtitution, and, excepting what you already know, a mind as innocent as an angel. By degrees, ſhe became more reſigned: the bloom of youth returned, and ſomething of her formal cheerfulneſs.

" In her turn, poor girl, ſhew as called

upon, to attend the ſick bed of her mother, my excellent Louiſa! Five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Stanley, ſhe was every thing you could have imagined in her daughter, had you ſeen her in the full enjoyment of health and proſperity. We lived together as few mortals ever lived. But her children were her pride. She never knew comfort from the firſt moment they became unfortunate.

"Till the death of her ſon ſhe ſupported her own afflictions, and conſoled ours with ſurpriſing fortitude. The effect was too violent to be long ſuſtained. From that fatal day, when her hand was locked in the graſp of her dying ſon, her ſweet voice of conſolation became more faint; ſhe began o indulge her ſorrows in ſecret. Many a night, as I awoke from my ſad ſlumbers, I found the pillow wet with her tears; yet ſhe would not complain. A

regular hectic fever ſoon became viſible; and, in leſs than half a year—her ſorrows were over.

"The laſt time my daughter and I kneeled before the bed, while life, as yet, ſtood trembling upon her pale lips, ſhe uttered, with accents, tremulous, interrupted, yet pleaſant to the ſoul —"I am going a little while before you. Imagine not yourſelves very unhappy. This life is ſhort. Prepare to follow me to—the ſolemn manſion of true happineſs. My Eliſa, my dear Charles! you ſee affliction is but for a moment —now—'tis peace!"——She expired without a groan.

"This event gave a great ſhock to my dear child's health. She has been very ill, Mr. Stanley, ſince her mother's death: ſhe expected every day to follow her. At her recovery, ſhe retained that ſettled melancholy gloom which now oppreſſes her ſpirits. I ſaw no

returning ſymptoms of delirium. Grief has taken a more calm, but, I fear, a more laſting hold of her mind.

" In order to avoid the condolence of friends, and, muſt I add! the triumphs and inſulting glances of the cenſorious and the envious (all which were too much for her broken ſpirit to encounter,) I have brought this ſingle relic, of my once happy family, to beguile a few tedious weeks, in a peaceful obſcurity. In this place, our former felicity and our preſent afflictions are equally unknown and unregarded. I now wear out the ſmall remnant of my days, in tedious expectation, waiting that event which will reſtore me to the ſociety of my beloved Louiſa.

" My enjoyments, here, are dwindled into lingering contentment, my hopes into painful reſignation. One object only can make life deſirable to me. May heaven preſerve it, ſome years lon-

ger, to ſoothe the ſorrows of that dear creature, whom my paternal care might have preſerved for better fortune! I wiſh to leave her in the enjoyment, I cannot ſay of happineſs, but—of peace and tranquillity of mind. By the ſtate in which you now find us, you may judge, Mr. Stanley, how imperfectly I have obtained this humble wiſh.

"You will excuſe the tedious account I have given of the calamities of a private family. They proceeded from an unpardonable ſecurity, on my part, and from imprudence, ungoverned paſſion, and haſty reſentment, in young perſons, who ſeemed to have been born for the ornament of ſociety. Theſe things the world conſiders as trifles; but they draw after them ſerious conſequences. You, my friend, are a young man. If ever the ferment of paſſion ſhould prompt you to the blind reſentment of an injury, or to the ruin of an

innocent child—think of my poor Charles—think of Eliſa!"

"Hold, ſir," I exclaimed, ſobbing and trembling with horror, "Heaven defend me! To me, your ſtory will be a laſting monument of prudence. If the moſt lovely Eliſa ever can—(Time may wear off the edge of affliction)—if ever ſhe can cheriſh an idea of comfort, I will be inſtead of you. I will wipe away the tear from her eyes, and her ſorrow ſhall be forgotten in my boſom."

"My dear ſir," ſaid Mr. Powell, graſping my hand, while the tears ſtood in his eyes, "Can you ſtill encourage that thought! Can you place the happineſs of your life in condoling with the afflicted, in healing the broken heart!"

"I can, ſir. I feel I can."

"But you will recollect," ſaid Mr. Powell, "the world has not leiſure to inveſtigate the conduct of mankind,

before it paſſes cenſure. It may not contemplate Eliſa's character in as fair a light as you and I do. I know, Stanley, you will ſtill have the generoſity to believe the truth. But if Eliſa could ſo far forget her ſorrows (you may hear her conduct miſrepreſented) are you ſure your reſolution would hold out againſt the ridicule of the world?"

You know, my dear Wilſon, it is an old habit of mine, whenever I hear any thing a little affecting, to avoid acting the child, by acting the fool with ſome bauble or other. At this time, the plaything happened to be my watch, which I was twirling about by the chain, while I replied to Mr. Powell: "A fig for the world and its impertinences altogether! It is my glory to ſpurn them!" As I ſpoke, I violently daſhed my poor monitor againſt the floor.

Mr. Powell laughing at my thoughtleſs extravagance, ſaid, " Well, Mr. Stanley, you muſt have your own way. Your behaviour convinces me you are quite in earneſt."

LETTER XXI.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilſon,

"LIFE always ſits eaſy upon the virtuous man!" This is a favourite maxim of my excellent uncle's. Even the agonies of the gout cannot put him out of conceit with it. But if its truth be invariably admitted, what muſt I think of myſelf?

For more than a week have I been diſtracted by numberleſs anxieties; loſt in the gloom of my own reflections; ſenſible that I am to be claſſed with the moſt unhappy, and yet, ſo attached to my doleful fate, that I would not exchange conditions with any man

living. A hundred times a day, am I ruminating over Mr. Powell's narrative; every hour, I ſhed tears over Arnold's letters: my ſympathy, my perplexity, my deſpair ſtill return afreſh. They will return, my friend; I foreſee no end of them. Situated as I am, as Eliſa is, what happy termination can be expected? The ideas of Eliſa and of happineſs, with me, can never be ſeparated: yet, how can they ever be combined! Her ſorrows will give place only to death. Ever ſince our interterview in the garden, the dear creature herſelf cautiouſly avoids my company. I have ſeen her once or twice as ſhe paſſed along. What could I ſay? Could I riſk the repetition of ſuch a ſcene? Ah, Wilſon! I could die at her feet; but never, from this time, will I excite in her boſom ſuch ineffable diſtreſs. I have even turned from the path as I ſaw her approach. This

morning, however, I met her unexpectedly in a bend of the walk. She ſtopped to ſpeak to me. I was charmed with the melody of her voice, while her words ſhook my very ſoul. "Mr. Stanley, you are unhappy! Why do you ſtay here! Reſolve to ſeek peace where it is poſſible to find it. If you continue where I am, your mind, and my mind, will never be at eaſe. Exert yourſelf, my friend, and, for my ſake, let not your preſence remind me of my afflictions."

In what light muſt the lovely monitreſs have veiwed my behaviour on this occaſion? Afraid to look at her, while ſhe ſpoke, my eyes were bent toward the ground. I uttered not a ſyllable. Preſently recollecting myſelf, I would have made an effort to anſwer; but ſhe was gone!

My dear Wilſon, I require not impoſſibilities: could they be procured

they would ſtill be unſatisfactory. Eliſa, cheerful, forgetful of the paſt, and alive to all the enjoyments of life, after what ſhe has ſuffered, could never be my Eliſa. She is more lovely in her grief. Her delicate ſenſibility folds itſelf about my heart, and ſuffers not a deſire to eſcape. Oh that ſhe would grant me one indulgence, which is in her power—to mix my tears with hers—to languiſh under the ſame ſorrows—to ſink into the ſame grave!

Wilſon! My cruel friends think me too happy. They will force me from the habitation of Eliſa. I ſhall not ſee the print of her foot in the walk. I ſhall not have the pleaſure to gaze at the window of her room, or hear her footſteps on the floor over my head. But, in ſpite of them, I can indulge my pleaſing, melancholy reflections.

The remembrance of ſorrow and or Eliſa ſhall accompany me whereever I go.

About an hour ago, I ſaw her walking in the garden. Mrs. Jones, who accompanied her, was dandling a child in her arms. Eliſa took a ſprig of myrtle from her boſom to amuſe the infant. The little creature ſoon became diſguſted with his plaything, and my lovely girl ſet it down upon the wall. I durſt not approach her, I durſt not let her ſee that I had diſregarded her advice. But I watched the moment ſhe retired, caught up the precious relic, and going with it into the bower, I ſoothed my anguiſh, by covering the flower with kiſſes, and bathing it with my tears.

Doctor Pemberton came upon me unawares, ſaying, "I find, my good friend, you have not viſited Wales for nothing."

Feeling the intruſion very unſeaſonable, I anſwered rather peeviſhly, "You are no ſtranger, ſir, to the buſineſs which brought me hither."

"Stanley," reſumed the doctor, "What ſignifies being ſo very cloſe? Old foxes are more eaſily outrun than outwitted. It is to no purpoſe that you ſtudiouſly avoid ſpeaking to me, reſpecting a certain lady. You are ſilent; but I ſee you think the more."

"You are right, ſir, in your conjectures," I replied: "it is no diſgrace to confeſs, that my thoughts are pretty deeply engaged about the lady to whom you allude. Did you know her merit, did you know her afflictions, you would not accuſe me of too much ſenſibility."

"I know more of her," ſays the doctor, "than you are aware of; perhaps nearly as much as you do yourſelf. I ſee nothing in your ſentiments but

what does you honour. Reſpecting their tendency to promote your immediate happineſs, I am rather more doubtful. I now come to offer you ſome uſeful advice. If you can excuſe ſuch a liberty in a friend, you will, in the firſt place, inform me what you mean to do, in the preſent criſis?"

"To be happy with Eliſa," ſaid I, "or not to be. As to your advice, doctor Pemberton, I give you notice that I will not hear any thing about the conquering of my paſſion. I forbid you to urge a ſingle reaſon for relinquiſhing my only hope."

"I am too well acquainted with you, Stanley," ſays my friend, "to ſuppoſe you capable of it. And, at the preſent moment, I ſhould deem the man, who could attack your paſſion with cool arguments, as ſomething worſe than a ſimpleton. But I ſaw your ſituation was delicate. I enqui-

red therefore, into the plan of your proceeding, not your ultimate views, with which I was well acquainted. The merit of your choice appears to me ſo conſpicuous, and I ſo much admire the ſenſibility that attaches you ſtill cloſer to the lady's affliction, that I am induced to offer myſelf, not as an antagoniſt, but an auxiliary."

"My dear friend," I replied, "you are very kind to favour me with your advice. I am deſtitute of all plan, and utterly at a loſs what to do."

"Then I tell you what Stanley," ſaid the doctor; "You muſt hear me with patience. At the firſt ſip, my preſcriptions may be thought a little bitter; but you will find it ſalutary.

"Miſs Powell's mind is ſo little at eaſe, that your aſſiduities and attentions, at this time, could produce no other effect than to rouſe the violence of her reflections, and to ſhut her up from

you entirely. If you would ſecure her eſteem, learn to reſpect her ſorrow. I will give you an opportunity. I am going to take a ramble, for a few weeks, about the country: you ſhall go with me. The variety of objects that muſt preſent themſelves will, in ſome meaſure, reſtore you to yourſelf. Be not alarmed, my friend, the ſacrifice which I require of you is but a trifle. Were you to continue here, you could only contemplate your Eliſa in a diſtant walk, or lie down upon the hill, and gaze at the houſe that contains her."

Is it poſſible, Wilſon, that even to an old antiquarian, all this ſhould appear but a trifle!

"By adopting my plan," continued doctor Pemberton, "you will give the lady an opportunity of acting without reſtraint; and you leave with her an advocate, who is acquainted with her

ſituation, and your worth, who knows when and how to plead your cauſe, and whoſe eloquence will have great weight. With ſuch a daughter as Eliſa, the wiſhes of a father will not be ineffectual. When her mind is ſufficiently compoſed to entertain you as a lover, you may teach her to eſteem you upon your own account. You ſmile, Stanley; I may indeed be thought a ſingular old fellow, to meddle in affairs of this ſort; but I know you both, and have formed expectations of you, which will not be diſappointed. Your friend is not, at all times, a downright antiquarian. When I meet with any valuable production of nature, even of the preſent age, I contemplate it with pleaſure, and ſtudy it with ſerious attention.

"You ſhall have this day to conſider of my project; and to-morrow morning, if you wiſh to be happy with Eliſa,

we ſet out and leave her. A motive very different from that which influenced doctor Weaver (you perceive I know the ſtory) induces me to enjoin that you ſhall not even correſpond with the lady, or rather, that you ſhall not write to her: for if, at preſent, ſhe were to anſwer you, her letter muſt be final. She imagines that love and conſolation can never more have place in her heart; and if you durſt candidly examine that part of the ſubject, you would think the ſame; but an old man knows, that exceſſive grief is not an immortal paſſion. You ſee then how impolitic it would be, at this time, to extort from her a raſh vow.

"You may write to Mr. Powell or to Maria. Be not ſtartled. No man's counſel is ſo generally known as that of a very ſecret man. Maria is well acquainted with yours: ſhe gave me the firſt hint of it, and expreſſed her

good wiſhes for you both in the moſt handſome manner. That girl knows more than ſhe lets every one know, and has a greater regard for the welfare of her friends than what ſhe chooſes to profeſs. Teaſing is not her only excellence. She has a heart, Stanley, a generous heart. You may confide in it."

While the doctor was declaiming at this rate, I began to conſider his ſcheme. As nothing more plauſible preſented itſelf to my imagination, I determined, if poſſible, to accede to it, ſtipulating, however, with my own heart, to abridge the time of abſence whenever it ſhould become inſupportable. At laſt, I interrupted my friend by ſaying, "You impoſe a ſevere taſk upon me. I hope the kindneſs of your intention, and the prudence of the meaſure, will enable me to overcome its difficulties."

"You are right Stanley," ſaid the doctor, "I will take an opportunity, at dinner, juſt to mention our intended journey."

Alas, Wilſon, what impoſſibilities have I engaged for!

I had made no objection to doctor Pemberton's propoſal of diſcloſing our intention at dinner. He, conſequently, took care to be as good as his word. Our whole party were preſent excepting Eliſa, who, ſince our unfortunate interview, has not dined with us, and Miſs Wilkins, who ſat with her couſin. The tidings were received by ſome civil expreſſion from each of the company, either wiſhing us much amuſement in our ramble, or a ſpeedy return.

Maria ſaid to me, in her uſual vein of irony, "After the inſipid, humdrum

life, you have led for ſome weeks paſt, a little lively excurſion muſt be very refreſhing. What various objects, what agreeable company muſt you encounter at every ſtage! I wonder if you will have ſo much conſideration for the inhabitants of this ſequeſtered houſe, as to addreſs your journal to any of us."

"Whom would you name, Maria?"

"I might name the wrong perſon," ſhe replied, "were I to requeſt the favour of a packet for myſelf now and then. No, that would ſpoil all. You would be troubled, in return, with the unintereſting annals of your old friends, whoſe company has already fairly worn out your patience."

"I thank you, Maria," ſaid I; "by the uſe I ſhall make of this kind privilege, you will judge of my indifference for my friends at the hall."

Mr. Powell calling me aſide, acknowledged that the plan had been

concerted between him and doctor Pemberton; and teſtified great ſatisfaction at my ready concurrence. He promiſed to ſend me frequent accounts of—Oh that I could ſee her before I go! that I could convince her how great a ſacrifice I make to her happineſs! How dear it coſts me to comply with her requeſt, to leave that favourite ſpot where, in ſpite of my friends, in ſpite of Eliſa, my heart muſt ſtill remain! Oh, Wilſon, what will become of thy bewildered friend,

HENRY STANLEY?

[Note by the Editor.——For private reaſons, I have, for the preſent, ſuppreſſed three letters to Mr. Wilſon, upon the manners and ſuperſtitions of the Welſh, doctor Pemberton's reflections at the grave of Lywelyn, and ſome ſingular adventures and diſcoveries of that gentleman's.

Of the correſpondence between Mr. Stanley and his other friends, during this tour, I have been able to procure no more than the three following.]

LETTER XXII.

To the Rev. HENRY STANLEY.

Sir,

I MUST do you the juſtice to ſay, that your friends at G—— Hall cannot complain of your neglect. You think too much of us, and that very circumſtance makes you a moſt inſipid traveller. Were you a man of the leaſt genius, you would contrive it ſo, that we ſhould ſometimes deſire to be where you are, rather than plague us continually with ten thouſand repetitions of your wiſh to return to us. If you can hit upon no other ſubject, you ſhould, at leaſt, confine yourſelf to regular poſt days, and ſingle ſheets.

What opinion muſt you have of my patience! Not a day returns, but I am to be troubled with half a volume, tumbled out of Mr. Powell's packet, and ſent by expreſs. While you write ſo much, it is no wonder you ſee ſo little. What an unaccountable man! When we have you here, you are continually abſent. The only way to enjoy your company is to ſend you over the mountains. Well then: to relieve your anxiety, you ſhall hear ſomething about us. You ſhall have a letter perhaps, half as long as one of your own; whether it will be half ſo agreeable, muſt, in ſome meaſure, depend upon yourſelf.

Eliſa is in better health and ſpirits than you have yet ſeen her enjoy. Were you now in her company, and I not preſent, you might even fancy her a charming girl.

I coaxed her to ride out yeſterday.

As you were ſomewhat concerned in our excurſion, you ſhall have all the particulars of it. After remarking the fineneſs of the morning, I ſaid to her,

Stanley, I am apprehenſive, has left the country, without providing comfortably for his children. Shall we have ſo much charity as to pay a viſit to the poor orphans?"

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"I mean that you ſhall treat me with a ride in the coach, and that we ſhall ſtop at a miſerable dwelling in the town, to examine a little into the conduct of this runaway parſon."

"There is ſomething in Mr. Stanley's conduct that excites your curioſity?"

"I confeſs it would give me ſome ſatisfaction to know, what kind of a man he really is, whom we were inclined to think tolerably well of."

"As you pleaſe, my dear," ſays

Eliſa: "I ſuppoſe your myſtery will explain itſelf."

We ſet out upon our morning's airing, and called at Sally Gifford's houſe. In point of neatneſs and comfort, it is much improved ſince the time you took my mother and me to ſee her. The poor woman has been brought to bed, about nine days, of twins. They are ſweet little infants, but, being one more than the mother had bargained for, they have put her to ſome unforeſeen embarraſſment reſpecting clothes.

Miſs Powell, ſeeing a pretty, delicate woman, about ſix-and-twenty, ſeated in her eaſy chair, looked round with a degree of perplexity, I believe, firſt at the mother, then at me, at the nurſe, at the infants, at the two younger boys which were at home, but, above all, at a deal box in the window, directed, "*To the Rev. H. Stanley.*"

I told the good woman that, in Mr.

Stanley's abſence, I had made it a point to call and enquire if he had left them in a comfortable ſituation.

"God of heaven bleſs him!" replied Sally Gifford. To his goodneſs it is owing that my five children and myſelf live to pray for him, in a comfortable ſituation, miſs! His hand is like the hand of heaven: he does not begin a good work and leave it imperfect. When he was going away, he left me five guineas, and deſired me to write to Mr. Thomas when I wanted any thing. I have had a bad time with theſe two babes. The midwife thought me in danger. I looked at my three little boy, and felt myſelf very loath to die; ſo I had a ſurgeon to attend me. He took two of the guineas; but there was no occaſion for writing. Mrs. Thomas, by that dear gentleman's direction, has ſent me ſome wine, and every thing that is comfortable."

She then turned to Miſs Powell, ſaying, "You, madam, I ſuppoſe, are his kind and charming lady. You condeſcend to viſit the dwelling of the wretched; but, at preſent, we are not wretched. Heaven reward you for his goodneſs, and your own!"

Eliſa looked nearly as you did, ſir, when I fluttered my fan at the butterfly. I haſtened to remove her embarraſſment, and Sally Gifford's miſtake, telling her, at the ſame time, that as the lady was totally unacquainted with her ſtory, ſhe might be gratified by a recital of it.

The particulars I am now about to relate, ſir, are not new to you; but they ſhall be ſet down faithfully. You may not often have ſo good an opportunity to ſee how your actions are repreſented behind your back.

"My ſtory," ſaid Mrs. Gifford, "is but a ſhort one. I am a native of this

neighbourhood. My father had acquired a decent competency, by a little linen manufactory which he eſtabliſhed, and had ſpared no expence to have me and my brother educated, ſuitably to our expectations. About ſeven years ago, he procured a young man from Paiſley to ſuperintend his buſineſs, ſome branches of which are better underſtood in the North than they are here. James Gifford was a genteel, obliging young man. We liked each other, and I married him, without my father's conſent. In his reſentment he turned us both out of the houſe. I attended my huſband into his own country, where we did pretty well for five years, and I had three children by him. Poor James' employer being ruined in the general ſhock laſt year, we fell along with him. My huſband then brought me and my children to this town, in hopes of being reconciled to

my father. As he had never condeſcended to correſpond with us, we were ſhocked to find that he had been dead ſome months, and had left every thing to my brother; a brother who could declare it to be his duty never to countenance the diſobedience of a ſiſter, by beſtowing upon us a ſingle ſhilling. That hope was vaniſhed. Gifford then took this little houſe, and, aided by the trifle I could earn with my needle, ſupported himſelf and me, and my three children, by writing for Mr. C—. We might have lived contentedly. We ſaw that we had not a friend in the world, but each other. Our affections were ſtrengthened by the comfortleſs proſpect. But oh! my dear madam, I have loſt my poor huſband. On Mr. Stanley's generoſity I depend, to enable me to go to him, and ſhare in his dangers and diſtreſſes. Laſt March he went down to Briſtol, upon

his maſter's buſineſs. Owing to the kind offices of a near relation, he was preſſed into the land ſervice. I ſaw no more of him. He ſent me, poor ſoul, a few lines which he had wrote in the anguiſh of his heart. It was the goodneſs of Providence, or my babes and I muſt have periſhed.

I was left in great poverty, with three helpleſs children, and in a ſituation to do but little for them or myſelf. For their ſakes, I would have ſtooped to ſolicit public charity; but we had no pariſh in South Britain that would receive us. I applied to Mr. C——. He was much out of temper. He would hear nothing more about us. My huſband had been carried off with ſome ſtamps, that had coſt him ſix-and-thirty ſhillings and four-pence.

From time to time, I was under the neceſſity of parting with every little article of wearing apparel, or furniture,

that could procure a bit of bread for my children. Our all was but little. We were ſoon left almoſt naked and famiſhing. My little boys would come running to me, and ſaying, "Mother, the baker is going by; the milkwoman is at the door: Is not this dinner-day?" "I am very hungry," another would ſay: "let them have the bench and my coat: I can ſit on the ground without a coat."—I wept; but could not anſwer them. My poor children then would preſs my knees, ſaying, "Do not cry, my own mother. If it vexes you, I will eat no more. But I am very hungry."

Over this tale, Stanley, I had ſhed ſome tears in your company. I did not think it too much to repeat them. Eliſa is accuſtomed to weep. She found it very practicable to join me, exclaiming from time to time, "Poor mother! Poor dear babes! What a ſhame it is to

poſſeſs affluence, while there is ſuch diſtreſs in the world!"

Mrs. Gifford, finding us greatly affected, ſtopped ſhort in her narrative, till Eliſa ſaid, "How was Mr. Stanley made acquainted with your ſituation?"

"The ſame Providence," replied Sally, "that inſpired his benevolent heart, made him acquainted with the miſery of the wretched. He was ſtanding upon the other ſide of the ſtreet, and talking with ſome ladies. The cries of my children attracted his notice. He ſaw my landlord ſtanding by the door, with the key in his hand, while his ſervant was buſy hauling out a tattered bed, a broken chair, and an old joint ſtool, our whole property, and laying them down in a heap againſt the wall. He then ſaw the ſame man return into the houſe and bringing me and my little boys before him into the ſtreet, while his maſter drew the door,

and turned the key. In the agony of diſtreſs, I ſat down upon the old lumber, praying that God would take me and my periſhing babes.

"That excellent gentleman, fixing his eyes upon us, left the ladies, and croſſed over to my landlord, to enquire into the meaning of what he had ſeen.

"This woman's huſband," ſaid Mr. Worral, "is gone for a ſoldier, and as ſhe had no money to pay me my rent, ſhe thought, forſooth, that ſhe and her brats were to have my houſe for nothing; but I know the value of my property better than all that."

"What muſt become of the poor woman and her children!" ſaid Mr. Stanley.

"Let them ſee to that," replied the other: "It is no buſineſs of mine. I muſt think what is to become of my property. It is no great matter what becomes of her. She is an arrant

ſwindler. I detected her, parting with her goods clandeſtinely, before ſhe had ſatisfied my demand; but I am too good-natured. I have not the heart to proſecute the wretch."

"What is your demand?" ſaid Mr. Stanley. Five-and-twenty ſhillings, ſir: a whole half year's rent, and ſince Lady-day. But that is not all: you ſee her condition. She married ſome outlandiſh man. They have no pariſh here, nor, as I am told, in all England and Wales. It would be a fine job truly for her to lie in at my houſe. No, no, that wo'nt do, that's certain. She may go and beg. She is ſtrong enough to go from this town, but where the tree falls at laſt, there it muſt lie, that's certain; for no one can make out the father's ſettlement."

Mr. Stanley ſaid, "I will make no appeal to your heart; but are you ſure your proceeding is ſtrictly legal? I ad-

viſe you to attend to that circumſtance. I may poſſibly make ſome enquiry into it."

"The churchwardens, ſir, and the gentlemen of the town, will ſee me out," replied Mr. Worral; "and we can run no great riſk by diſlodging a beggar woman; for though ſhe has got a rich brother, he would never own her ſince ſhe married that Frenchman or Scotchman, or Indiaman, or whatever he is. One thing is certain, the child muſt not be born here."

"Leave that to me: I will undertake to ſatisfy the chuchwardens."

"O then, that's very well, ſir," replied Mr. Worral. "That's quite another caſe. The churchwardens will liſten to reaſon, that's certain. A gentleman's word is as good as his bond. You ſaid you would ſatisfy the churchwardens and the landlord. Well, I have nothing to do with it. The

woman by and bye, may be well enough, that's certain."

Shocked by this wretch's malicious ſmiles and inſinuations, I felt my face glowing in an extraordinary manner, and ſaid to Mr. Stanley, "For pity's ſake, ſir, leave me to my fate. Providence muſt diſpoſe of me as it thinks fit."

"Good woman," replied Mr. Stanley; "I reſpect your delicacy. Be not alarmed: your character ſhall not ſuffer upon my account. I am ſatisfied, you need not have been ſo poor, had you been addicted to vice."

Turning to Mr. Worral, he added, "Unlock the door, ſir, and give me a receipt for the rent: here is your money. Let the poor woman in, for the preſent, and order your ſervant to replace thoſe emblems of miſery," pointing to the lumber. "I will take care you ſhall be no loſer by it. When

I have had ſome converſation with your tenant, I will ſpeak to you further upon the buſineſs."

Mr. Stanley then gave me ſome money to procure a dinner for myſelf and children, and ſaid he would call, with a friend, in the afternoon. I received his bounty with a confuſed impreſſion —between gratitude and apprehenſion.

Agreeably to his appointment, he came with Mrs. Thomas. Having aſked me a few queſtions, and received the account of myſelf, which I have now given to you, madam, he went to Mr. Worral, and took the houſe for me. Heaven bleſs him! You ſee how much more he has done. Oh that my poor Gifford were here, to thank him for me and my children! If every county, my dear young ladies, produced but one Mr. Stanley, this world would not be quite ſo miſerable as it is."

When we had taken our leave of this little family, Eliſa ſaid to me, "Does Stanley do theſe things, and never ſpeak of them?"

"It is a ſubject," I replied, "on which he ſeems to preſerve a very decent modeſty, yet I have detected him in more than one inſtance of the kind. Do not you think the poor woman is right, and that he ought to be a happy man?"

"I wiſh him much happier, Maria, than he is at preſent, or is very likely to be."

I ſet down this ſentiment, Mr. Stanley, in her own words. It is a little enigmatical. You may comprehend it poſſibly better than I can.

"But come, my dear," continued my benevolent friend, "we muſt go a ſhopping. Stanley has left us but little to do for Sally Gifford. That little we muſt not neglect. I would not

have ſuch a man as Mr. Stanley regard me with abſolute contempt."

I have now, ſir, but little more time to waſte in writing to you, having buſineſs in hand of infinitely greater importance. In ſhort, we have ſeveral neat, though plain, little articles to make up for your deſerted infants. But, upon ſecond thoughts, I might give offence to a certain lady, were I to do too much for them. Eliſa has indeed divided one taſk for me, one for Miſs Wilkins, and one for Nancy. In this diſtribution, it is pity ſhe ſhews ſo much of the temper of a greedy child. By her zeal and aſſiduity in her new occupation, it is evident that, if we do not leave her the greateſt ſhare of the work, we ſhall be regarded with a very evil eye.

You whimſical mortal! For a whole day, your Quixotical charity has deprived this charming girl of her belov-

ed ſolitary walk, and almoſt baniſhed from her recollection the tribute of ſorrow, ſo due to her deareſt friends!

She poſitively learns to talk and think like you. Even now ſhe interrupted me in my work by obſerving, "How can it poſſibly be imagined that we live only to promote our own happineſs and that of our neareſt connections? Providence never intended us, Maria, for ſuch ſelfiſh beings. I have always felt the pleaſure of relieving the miſery that ſolicits my compaſſion. How much greater muſt the pleaſure be, of finding it out where it pines in ſecret! O Stanley, I muſt be a humble imitator; but at any rate it is pleaſant to walk in the path of benevolence. His conduct will, even yet, reconcile me to life, and teach me to be of ſome uſe in the world."

I give it to you, ſir, as my private opinion, that what Eliſa conjectures is

not abſolutely impoſſible. She may even yet be reconciled to life; but ſurely you will not be ſo hardy a man as to attempt it. Let me, at the ſame time, hint to you, that the whole of the laſt paragraph may, in ſome ſenſe, be conſidered as a breach of confidence: you will not communicate it to my friend. It would be really unpardonable for a man not to be able to keep a ſecret; but for a woman, it is better than ſome of us can employ ourſelves. What I have ſaid is no ſcandal.

I muſt break off for the preſent. We have packed up what little things are got ready. The coach is at the door. Excuſe me, while I go and clothe your ſqualling brats.

O Stanley! if I had you here, I could almoſt find it in my heart to kiſs you. Eliſa and myſelf were ſeated on

each ſide of Sally Gifford's chair, with each a little cherub on our knees. We were buſy dreſſing them. The greatful tears and bleſſings of the mother charmed our attention. A tall, wan looking, but rather genteel young man, entered the room. At ſight of us, he bowed, and was retiring, with a confuſed, pale countenance. Then, fixing his eyes earneſtly upon Mrs. Gifford, he again advanced. The poor woman ſcreamed out, "Oh! 'tis my dear huſband!" The young man ſprung forward, kneeled before her chair, and preſſed her to his heart. The joy was like to have been too great for her. I will not trouble you with an account of their mutual endearments and kind enquiries. They are an affectionate couple. They had met after a hopeleſs ſeparation. You may imagine the reſt.

Eliſa got up, and opened the caſement. She was panting for breath.

At laſt ſhe exclaimed, "Where art thou Stanley! Thou ſhouldeſt have been here, to receive the due reward of thy beneficence."

When we were all got a little to our ſenſes, the young ſoldier informed Mrs. Gifford and her viſitors, that a gentleman had made a repreſentation of his caſe to the War-office, and backed it with ſo much intereſt as to procure his immediate diſcharge. I have a letter," continues he, "from the gentleman himſelf; but where to find him, and how to expreſs my gratitude, I know not. He then produced a billet. As it is one of your own good works, you may have forgot it. I ſhall therefore tranſcribe it word for word.

"James Gifford,

"I HAVE reaſon to ſuppoſe you will ſoon be diſcharged from the ſervice.

To relieve, in the mean time, the anxiety of a huſband and a father, I hereby inform you, that ſome attention will be paid to the comfort of your wife and children, during your abſence, which the incloſed order may enable you to abridge. Upon your return to your family, you may expect to hear further from

HENRY STANLEY."

All this was plain enough; yet Eliſa was a conſiderable time making it out. I ſhould have ſuppoſed that ſhe ſpelt every word twenty times over, before ſhe could put it together.

To conclude with you, ſir, for the preſent—Though you have been weak enough to ſtyle me *a friend*, you ſee what pains I take to bring you a load of trouble upon your hands. I ſhall

embrace every opportunity of expoſing your conduct. I therefore fairly warn you, that, unleſs you wiſh to inſpire, with the love of this world, a mind that ſeems entirely calculated for heaven, you muſt not do your good deeds to be ſeen of *women*. You muſt either reverſe your proceedings, or conceal them more effectually from

MARIA JONES.

LETTER XXIII.

To JAMES GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford,

I FEEL myſelf exceedingly hurt by the ſtyle of your letter. Thoſe extravagant acknowledgments and proffers of menial ſervice—Do you take me for a purchaſer of ſlaves! I have not, as yet, beſtowed thirty pounds upon you and your family. Were I a Weſt Indian planter, I ſhould not have been able, for double that ſum, to appropriate an African wretch. If there are men who aſſiſt the unfortunate, in order to make them feel more uncomfortably, to debaſe them in their own eſ-

teem, upon ſuch men, I can only beſtow my contempt and deteſtation.

I therefore hope your expreſſions were dictated, rather by the tumult of your mind, at the firſt interview with your family, than by your habitual temper, or by your opinion of me. When I call upon you at my return to B——, a modeſt expreſſion of gratitude may not be indecent; but, let me beſeech you, to meet me with the freedom of a friend, and the independence of a man. Till that time, the following particulars are recommended to your ſerious conſideration.

The little favours I have to diſpoſe of, are not diſpenſed at random. I am acquainted with the value of money. I know what it will do. To diſcover what it will do for you in particular, I have taken the pains to trace out your character, to inveſtigate your conduct, both in that neighbourhood and in

Scotland. My trouble has been rewarded, by the reſpectable teſtimonies I have procured, of your abilites, your diligence, and integrity. One blemiſh only I have to reprehend in your moral character; what little I have ſeen of Mrs. Gifford ſeems to render it excuſable; yet how much better would it have been, by your faithful deportment in your buſineſs, by your meritorious perſeverance in the duties of your appointment, to have obtained her from her father's hand, accompanied by his kindeſt wiſhes, and that portion of wealth which was her natural claim, than to ſeduce her from filial obedience to poverty and contempt? If you reflect upon the conſequence of that imprudent ſtep, on the ſituation of your family ſix weeks ago, and how much worſe it would have been, were it not for a mere accident, I need add no more to make you ſenſible of your error. Let

it be a warning to you, for the future, always to act with a generous openneſs of heart. Should diſtreſs again overtake you, a clear conſcience will be a comfortable retreat from the ſtorms of adverſity. Had I written thus to you, in the beginning of laſt month, I ſhould have deemed myſelf worſe than a ruffian; but now you are reſtored to the arms of your family, you find them in a ſituation, very comfortable, when compared with what they lately experienced. You have an opportunity for mature reflection, unattended by the poignancy of ſelf-reproach.

Reſpecting your future eſtabliſhment, you muſt excuſe me: I ſhall never remonſtrate with Mr. Beaver, your wife's brother. He is a man whom I can never know. We are utter ſtrangers to each other's language and ſentiments.

Yet do not deſpond. While you continue to deſerve it, you will find a

friend, that can be of ſome further ſervice to you. God forbid that I ſhould hold out to the diſtreſſed a niggardly hand: or that I ſhould withdraw it, before I have enabled them to provide for their own ſupport! By ſo doing, I ſhould only inſult, without relieving their diſtreſs, and ſhould have to regret the miſapplication of the talent entruſted to my care. My offers, however, muſt be very limited, when compared with the feelings of my heart. The fortune I poſſeſs, though ample for my private wants, is extremely narrow for the ſcale of uſeful philanthropy, which I have laid down. It muſt be managed with the hand of an economiſt, and directed to the permanent advantage of the indigent, by aſſiſting them to become induſtrious and frugal, to recover their independence of ſpirit, and to reſpect themſelves.

Till I have ſeen you, I know not

what plan to propoſe. I may have intereſt to procure you ſeveral decent employments, which you are qualified to fill. You write an excellent hand, and underſtand figures. I have thought of you, as maſter of a certain ſchool, now vacant; but it is a thing I would not adviſe. The profeſſion ſeldom holds out an encouragement adequate to its importance and its duties. If the tutor muſt linger upon a miſerable ſtarvation, his pupils can be expected to do little more than to abuſe their time. What think you of the Exciſe or the Cuſtom-houſe? Or, if you had rather embark upon a little capital, in any branch of buſineſs which you underſtand, I will aſſiſt you with a few hundreds, upon the eaſieſt terms. I would ſay, give, but whereever I meet the unfortunate, I conſider them as having a claim upon my purſe: I cannot be too liberal to one, leſt I defraud others.

You will have thought of ſomething by the time I return. Till then, be kind to your wife; ſhe is a deſerving woman, and, I hope, will yet prove the principal inſtrument of your happineſs. Love and cheriſh each other, and conſult together upon ſome plan of buſineſs, which, by affording comfort and independence to yourſelves, and a decent maintenance for your children, will become the moſt ſatisfactory reward to

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Your aſſured friend,

HENRY STANLEY.

P. S. I am glad to hear Mrs. Gifford and the children are ſo well.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Rev. JAMES WILSON.

Dear Wilſon,

YOU will be ſurpriſed to ſee from whence this letter is dated. Yeſterday morning, I informed you of my intended route, through Pembrokeſhire, Caermarthenſhire, and back to B—— through Landovery. To-morrow, my tour will be completed. I muſt tell you how all this happened. The ſame coach, that took my letter for you, brought another for doctor Pemberton. He had ſcarcely read it, when he jumped up in a rapture, ſaying, "Give me joy, my friend: I have diſcovered an invaluable treaſure. My worthy cor-

reſpondent, doctor S—— writes me word, from Dublin, that among ſome old manuſcript, ſhortly to-be diſpoſed of, there is a complete copy of Aneurin's Gododin, the moſt ancient Britiſh poem now extant. I muſt have it at any price."

I told the old gentleman that I rejoiced at his good fortune, and ſuppoſed he would commiſſion his friend to make the purchaſe.

"By no means, ſir," anſwered the antiquarian: "It is a matter of ſuch importance, I would not truſt my father. I muſt go and ſecure it myſelf. So, my dear Stanley, you will prepare to embark with the firſt tide. We will take one of our ſervants with us: the other ſhall take the horſes round to Haverford, and wait our return."

"Do you mean, ſir, that I ſhall take a voyage to Ireland?"

"Certainly," ſays the doctor.

"There, my dear friend, you muſt excuſe me. My *Gododin* is upon this ſide of St. George's Channel."

"Why, it will not delay us above a month."

"A month, ſir! You name an age to me. I compute my time by minutes. I had made up my mind to ſquander about fifty thouſand of them upon your Welſh tour. It was the miſer's feaſt; I begin to compute the loſs, and to be aſtoniſhed at my prodigality."

"Then you will not go with me?"

"My dear Pemberton, I regret the neceſſity of leaving you. If fifty guineas will enſure the prize, you ſhall be bribed, with this complete copy of the Gododin, to abridge the tour, and return with me, to ſee how things go on at B——."

"After ſuch an offer, ſir," replied the doctor, "I can ſay no more. Be diſcreet upon your return, and you

will not be happier than I wiſh you to be. Excuſe me, while I go and enquire after a veſſel."

I took up my hat, at the ſame inſtant, and ſallied forth to the poſt-office, to give directions reſpecting any letters that might be brought. The poſtmaſter delivered me a very intereſting one from Mr. Powell, which I read, while the bill, the horſes, &c were got ready. In ſhort, I took leave of my old friend, juſt as he was embarking in purſuit of his golden dream, mounted my horſe, and cantered thus far, in my return to G—— Hall, from which place I hope to communicate, to my dear Wilſon, ſome agreeable news reſpecting.

His ever affectionate

HENRY STANLEY.

I ſubjoin a copy of Mr. Powell's letter.

LETTER XXV.

To the Rev. HENRY STANLEY.

Dear Sir,

I GIVE you the narrative of a converſation which I have had with my daughter, and of which you were the principal ſubject. But, firſt of all, I muſt premiſe, that I practiſed upon you a friendly deception, when I adviſed you to attend doctor Pemberton upon his tour. You know the ſituation of affairs at your departure. It was my deſign, when Eliſa ſhould become tolerably compoſed, to wheedle her out of any private reſolution ſhe might have made reſpecting you; and if I found her abſolutely determined to

reject your hand, I had fixed, in my own mind, to remove from this place, during your abſence, and recommend to you the care of your own happineſs.

An opportunity of ſpeaking to her upon the ſubject preſented itſelf this morning. The following are the particulars, and the reſult of it.

Maria and my niece had walked out after breakfaſt. I was left alone with my daughter. A letter of yours was given in, which ſhe received, and looked attentively at the directions. I find ſhe knows your hand; for, while I was reading it, ſhe enquired after your health. This introduced a converſation reſpecting you, in the courſe of which I lamented the perturbation into which ſhe had been thrown upon a late occaſion, and hinted the plan which I had formed, to prevent her meeting you in future, if ſhe thought it neceſſary, for her peace of mind, to

avoid your company. Without waiting for her reply, I continued to obſerve, "I ſeverely regret, my dear child, that my own indiſcretion, in giving encouragement to Mr. Stanley, and the warmth of my friend's affection, expoſed you to ſuch a trial. Till I was called to you, in the garden, I was not without hopes that your health and ſpirits had been ſufficiently reeſtabliſhed to prevent ſo ſerious a conſequence. Impreſſed with this idea, when Mr. Stanley diſcloſed his thoughts to me, I began to feel my mind relieved from a weight with which it had been long oppreſſed. My health, you know, is precarious. My days may be few. With what comfort ſhould I cloſe them, could I leave my dear Eliſa—but I recommend nothing to you: act only according to your inclination, and your power of acting, and the will of heaven be done."

"My dear father," ſaid Eliſa, "amid all your generous indulgence, I perceive what is your ſupreme wiſh. With me it ought to be the ſupreme law. I feel your kindneſs, in propoſing our removal from this place; but I will ſpare you the regret of parting ſo abruptly with your friend. Notwithſtanding my weakneſs and my diſtreſs of mind, which you can pity and forgive, I will not ſay it is my wiſh to meet Stanley no more. With you, and with every friend of virtue, I owe him both eſteem and admiration. If I would avoid him, it is only for his own ſake. But what ſhall I ſay to you more? It would be very ungrateful in me to oppoſe any meaſure that might contribute to your comfort. If you command me, I will not oppoſe it. Even now, I feel myſelf honoured by Stanley's affection. I am not inſenſible of the kindneſs of your wiſhes.

But, O my father, in the preſent criſis I cannot comply with them, as cheerfully as I ought. Yet my conduct is reſtrained by no fixed reſolution. My dear mother cautioned me early againſt making raſh vows. Since I loſt her, my only abſolute determination has been to pay every attention, in my power, to the perſon and the comfort of my father. It has been my whole ſtudy; beyond this, I had indulged neither hope nor proſpect in life. I looked forward no further than the preſent moment, in things that regarded myſelf; and when abſent from you, I was totally engaged in a ſad retroſpect.

In this ſituation of mind, I was ſurpriſed by Stanley's unfortunate attachment. What could I do? It coſt me not a little to act as explicitly as I then did.

I have ſince had ſome time for reflection, and without reſolving to oppoſe

your wiſh, I appeal to you, whether, even the voice of integrity does not forbid me to encourage Stanley's addreſſes. You have hitherto conſulted only your affection for me; but my father will not be unjuſt to the intereſt of his friend. Could I be ſo far dead to the recollection of what is paſt, as to give this trembling hand to the generous Stanley, ſhould I not treat him with peculiar cruelty? He might—he would, one day or other, hear the whole of my calamitous ſtory. His preſent infatuation would gradually wear off, and he would find himſelf chained to misfortune and miſery. Have I not been already a ſufficient ſcourge to my friends? He would hear the malicious inſinuations of the Griſby's: perhaps he would not be able entirely to diſregard them."

The Griſby's, my dear ſir, are a pair of troubleſome old maids, in my

neighbourhood. You may, one time or other, have an opportunity to know them, and diſtinguiſh them with your deteſtation.

I replied to my daughter, that I could relieve her from all apprehenſions of this kind. "My eſtimate of Mr. Stanley's character," ſaid I "cannot be a fallacious one. Regardleſs of the forms, and above the prejudices of the world, he thinks and feels for himſelf, and acts upon ſober principle. Upon minds, unoccupied by ſpleen or caprice, the inſinuations of impertinence loſe their effect. As to the reſt, my dear, you muſt excuſe me for having placed an unlimited confidence in Mr. Stanley's honour. That an undue reſerve, on my part, might not induce him to ſuſpect any thing to your prejudice, I have diſcloſed to him the whole of our misfortunes. Over every melancholy incident, we have wept together, and

his generous heart ſympathizes with all our ſufferings."

"And has my dear father told every thing!" ſaid Eliſa.

"What was there, my child, that required concealment? The narrative of our misfortunes, not of our diſgrace, was entruſted to a friend, to a man of honour and feeling. Do you think I did wrong?"

After a pauſe, and an emotion, which, for a moment, ſeemed to contradict her aſſertion, ſhe replied, "No, ſir, you did very right. It is not the fear of divulging my imprudent and unworthy conduct and its fatal conſequences. It is the dreadful reality that wounds my ſoul and makes me wiſh I had never been."

Afraid to urge the poor girl any further, I ſaid, "Let us drop this ſubject, Eliſa: we will go and ſee if we can find the young ladies."

She continued ſilent for ſome time; after which ſhe ſaid, with the moſt intereſting tenderneſs, "Sit down, my dear father, for a few minutes. You hinted a queſtion to me, which I muſt endeavour to reſolve more explicitly. Let me examine my own heart."—Another conſiderable pauſe enſued. At laſt, ſhe added, "When I adviſed our friend to leave this place, I had too great an opinion of his good ſenſe and humanity, to apprehend further inconvenience to myſelf, from the importunity of his affection. He ſaw my diſtreſs, and I knew he would have continued ſilent My only motive was the hope, that abſence would have relieved his mind from an unfortunate paſſion, and reſtored him to his former tranquillity. The continual letters you receive, and eſpecially one which Maria communicated to me, too plainly prove that I was miſtaken. Poor Stanley is

equally unhappy in all places. I have therefore no pretence for avoiding his company. But in what way can I encourage him to return! To a father who has done ſo much, and ſuffered ſo much upon my account, I ought to have the power to make a ſuitable return; and to do ſomething likewiſe for the tranquillity of a man whom I greatly reſpect, and might have loved. Why cannot I promiſe you a ready compliance with what you acknowledge would promote your comfort? I could, to pleaſe my father—I could give my hand to Stanley; I could give him as ardent an affection as my heart will ever feel; but I could not ceaſe to regret my making him ſo unworthy a preſent. Could he ever forgive me! "However that may be, let him ſtill be my father's friend. Diſtreſs him not ſo cruelly as to ſhun his ſociety. In his company you enjoy a cheerful

ſerenity. His converſation may contribute to alleviate your own ſorrows, and eſtabliſh your health, and thus preſerve you ſome years longer the guardian of an unhappy daughter. Your returning ſerenity of mind may have a great effect upon me, may render me more worthy of you both. Should heaven not be ſo indulgent to me, as to prolong your life, Mr. Stanley would extend his friendly attention to the lonely Eliſa. I ſhould not ſurvive the laſt of my friends. Let him return. I can receive him as a brother. Oh my bereft parent! May the connection never prove ominous!

"When you write to him, deceive him not. Promiſe him no more than what I have power to fulfill. My heart, I fear, is for ever dead. Could I effect a change in his affections; were he to return, not a lover, but a friend; in that capacity I ſhould never

be much his debtor. The freedom of converſation will enable him to form a a juſter idea of me than he has hitherto done."

For this affecting effort of duty and friendſhip in my dear child, I thanked her in ſuch terms as my heart dictated. She has not acknowledged ſo much, yet it is very evident, by her countenance, that ſhe feels great relief in the reflection, that you are no longer left to vague conjectures, reſpecting our paſt misfortunes. I ſhould have been happy to repreſent to you a fairer proſpect; but ſuch diſmal ſtorms as we have weathered, ſeldom clear up at once. The preſent opening diſcovers to me a gleam of hope, and encourages me to look forward to days of ſerenity and comfort. As Providence has made our happineſs and affliction mutually dependent upon each other, I ſhall wait with impatience for the completion of

your tour; and when you have finiſhed your buſineſs with your tenants in this neighbourhood, I expect the pleaſure of ſhewing you the way to my retreat in Pembrokeſhire.

In the mean time, my dear Stanley, you are attended by every good wiſh of

Your affectionate

and aſſured friend

CHARLES POWELL.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Rev. JAMES WILSON.

Dear Wilſon,

ENCOURAGED by my good friend's moſt intereſting communication, I mounted my horſe early this morning, and, in my impatience, had the misfortune to lame him. Notwithſtanding the delay occaſioned by this accident, I reached B—— by ſeven o'clock.

Till I deſcribed, from the hills, the reſidence of Eliſa, my only anxiety was to get forward. My thoughts were entirely occupied by the enchanting idea of ſeeing and being welcomed by the only treaſure of my heart. But the ſight of the hall ſuggeſted ſome

reflections, rather painful. None of my friends had been apprized of my arrival. I had almoſt overtaken the poſt that conveyed an account of my intended ramble for three weeks longer. A ſudden intruſion might ſurpriſe the charming girl, and throw me back into my late embarraſſment. After a long debate, between love and diſcretion, it was reſolved to halt at the town, and diſpatch a note to Mr. Powell.

The forming of reſolutions is one thing, but the keeping of them is another. Unable to reſtrain my impatience till the return of the meſſenger; eager to catch a diſtant view of my journey's end, to gaze at the ſmoke that aſcended from the chimney, I ſtrolled down to the bridge, and as the twilight advanced, ſtill ventured a little further, hoping to be rewarded for my trouble, by hearing the voice of

ſome domeſtic, or, perhaps, the barking of a dog. At laſt, my infatuated heart led me ſo far that I was apprehenſive of being diſtinguiſhed from the houſe. This reflection threw me into ſuch a flutter that I could ſcarcely have advanced, if I might have done it with ſafety; yet I knew not how to retreat. Somehow or other, however, I turned aſide into a walk that led me winding through a thick wood, and ended in the bower by the river's ſide, where I firſt ſaw Maria. I cannot account for it, how this ſpot had ſo long eſcaped me. It ſeems to have been laid out with ſome taſte; but, at preſent, it is wild and deſolate. It mourns the departure of that hand to which it owed its former elegance. I know of nothing that gives my thoughts a more ſoft and melancholy turn, than ſauntering about the villas of diſtinguiſhed families, that have been, ſome time,

in the occupation of tenants. On a little clear ſpace beſide the walk, ſtands a freeſtone pedeſtal, half-covered with moſs and ivy. Once it ſupported an urn which is now thrown down, and conceals its diſgrace among the creeping brambles. A neatly-moulded tablet in the pedeſtal had been formerly inſcribed. As too large pieces are broken out of it, I can trace, at preſent, only the following letters:

That ——*and* —— ESQUIRES
(Having MET IN ARMES
upo N THIS SPOT)
B URIED THEIR WEAPONS
A ND SACRIFICED THEIR HEREDITARIE
FEWDES
TO THE TEARES OF A CHILDE
and THE CAUSE OF HUMANITIE
THIS STONE
wi LL TESTIFIE.

"Perfidious ſtone!" I exclaimed, "thou haſt loſt the names of ſome valuable men, and but half preſerved the ſentiment that ſhould have been a monument of their virtues, and a leſſon to their poſterity!" I ſearched among the reeds and rubbiſh, for the other fragments, but to no purpoſe. They might have been removed to fix a gate-poſt, or repair the cauſeway. The words I added in the margin are from my own conjectures.

Muſing upon this little diſcovery, I proceeded to the receſs by the Wye, which is ſtill kept in tolerable order. For ſome time, I indulged a penſive reverie. The evening came on. All was ſtill, excepting a ſlight interrupted breeze that ſighed in the branches over my head, and the echo from the falling ſtream, at ſome diſtance upon my right hand. Before me, the river extended into a wide bay, gently agitated

by the current from above. The moon ſuddenly emerging from under a thin cloud, ſweetly touched the grey cliffs on the oppoſite ſide, and mixing her beams with the twilight, broke them into the ſofteſt ſhades. The ſilver orb danced upon the moving waters, and a few wandering rays were reflected, from the rolling Irvon, which, a little below me, on the further ſide, poured itſelf over a bed of pebbles to join the Wye. The hanging branches admitted a ſpot of light from the pale luminary, twinkling amid the tufted foliage.

Impreſſed with the enchantment of this ſpot, I had recourſe to my conſtant attendant, the little drawing-caſe, and began to take a ſketch of it. While deeply engaged in this taſk, all at once, I was ſtartled by the ſound of a human footſtep very near me. Looking to the ſide whence it came, I ſeem-

ed to perceive a dark, but graceful figure moving from the bower, and ſlowly vaniſhing in the bend of the walk. "Can this be a reality," thought I, "or has my imagination preſented me with an airy phantom, the genius of the place?" Getting up to inveſtigate the truth, I ſtill perceived the ſame figure, leaning againſt the pedeſtal which had ſupported the broken urn. "It is, it muſt be ſhe! Eliſa—be not alarmed!"

"Mr. Stanley!" ſhe anſwered, with a feeble voice.

"It is Stanley. I fear my appearance, in the bower, ſurpriſed you."

"A little, ſir; not knowing you were returned. I fancied I had ſeen my brother. I ſhall be better preſently. If my father ſhould be uneaſy, ſay that you met me, and that I am coming home."

"Eliſa, can I leave you thus indiſ-

poſed? Return, for a few moments, to the bower. When your perturbation is gone off, you will permit me to attend you to the houſe."

"Do you think it poſſible, ſir, I ſhould place ſuch confidence——"

"Eliſa!"

"I beg your pardon, Stanley! my heart has not wronged you. I am very weak; but you can excuſe me."

She gave me her hand. I ſupported her, yet faint and trembling, to the bower. When we were both ſeated, I took out a bottle of ſalts, which I keep for an occaſional headach, and offered them to Eliſa. Being greatly revived by them, ſhe began to examine her head-dreſs, which the buſhes had diſcompoſed, as ſhe retreated in her fright. In order to adjuſt it, ſhe took off her glove. I held it till ſhe had done. We both continued ſilent. When ſhe extended her hand for the glove, in-

ſtead of returning what ſhe wanted, I gently preſſed it between mine. It was as cold as the poliſhed marble. A tear happened to drop upon it.

"Stanley," ſaid Eliſa, "you ſtill retain your unfortunate partiality. I would have adviſed you to be a wiſe man, to conſult your own happineſs. You ſee it is not in my power to promote it—as I ought."

"Pardon me, Eliſa; you confide in me: you indulge me in the pleaſure of weeping with you. Can I wiſh to be more happy!"

"Indeed, Stanley," ſhe replied, "the friend of the diſtreſſed, as you are, deſerves ſomething better; but I ſee it is in vain to expoſtulate with you."

"Eliſa," ſaid I, "you feel a generous compaſſion for me. Will you promiſe not to baniſh me any more? Allow me only to be where you are—to ſee—to converſe with you. I have

a heart that will never ſuffer me to diſtreſs you."

She took up the paper on which I had been drawing, and looked at it in ſilence. "You ſee, Eliſa," I continued, "you have taught me to delight in ſolemn and melancholy ſcenes. They have been my favorite haunts while I was torn away from your preſence. If you knew how great the ſacrifice has been, you would think me entitled to make one requeſt in my turn. It is in your power to prove whether you regard my happineſs or not."

"Do you already forget your promiſe, Stanley?"

"If I do, Eliſa muſt chaſtiſe me for it; but I hope you will not find it ſo difficult to give up your ſolitary evening walks, as I have found it to indulge in them, far from your company, and from the ſight of your reſidence. I have made the experiment but for one

month, and you ſee, I am become as thin as an echo."

"Maria has already informed me of your ſentiments upon this ſubject," ſaid Eliſa. "You will not chide me, when I tell you this is the firſt time, for three weeks, that I have neglected the admonition of my friend."

"Then, my deareſt Eliſa conſiders me as a friend!"

"You are my father's friend, Stanley; you are the friend of human nature. Were I now what I have been, I ſhould be proud to own you for more than a friend."

I felt her dear hand glow as ſhe uttered the ſentence. What reply I made to it, I know not. All I recollect is that my arm was folded about her waſte, my lips preſſed to her cheek, and my tears plentifully trickling upon her boſom; when Eliſa, with a gentle puſh, rebuked my raptures, and got up

from her ſeat. "We muſt go, Stanley," ſaid ſhe. "My father and Miſs Wilkins will think me loſt. You little imagine to what you owe this opportunity of meeting me. Recollecting that this was my poor brother's birthday, I was led to reflect upon ſome very doleful events. In this ſad retroſpect, I wandered about, inſenſible of my diſtance from the houſe, or the lateneſs of the hour. I think, I can promiſe you, I ſhall take no more ſuch walks. I took her hand in mine. We walked together to the hall; but in ſpite of my attempts to ſpeak, only ſighs burſt forth, and all the way my tears, like thoſe of a child, ran down my cheeks. Aſſured of the favorable ſentiments of Eliſa, I had never experienced ſo much happineſs; but it was a rapture that overwhelmed all my faculties, and precluded the power of expreſſion.

We found Miſs Wilkins and Nancy juſt returned from a fruitleſs ſearch. Mr. Powell was overjoyed at the ſight of his daughter; yet his kind expreſſions were mixed with a gentle rebuke for ſtaying out ſo long in the cold. I came in for a ſhare of his careſſes, and received the congratulation of all preſent upon my ſpeedy return. Maria, with arch curioſity, eyed us both over and over, ſaying to me, while ſhe looked full in my face, "You bring us ſome April weather, Mr. Stanley: we have a little ſunſhine after a ſhower." She then turned nimbly to Eliſa, ſaying, "Did you walk out, my dear, with only one glove?" Miſs Powell ſearched her pocket for the glove, and preſently recollecting where ſhe had taken it off, aſked me for it, with an enchanting half ſmile. It was not in my power to produce it. I took an opportunity to whiſper to her, "It is

in the bower, keeping company with my drawing-caſe; I will take care of it."

Being engaged to return to the town, I took an early leave of my friends, now more dear to me than ever. I need not tell you, I made haſte toward the bower. Eliſa's glove and my drawing caſe, found together, in a place ſo ſequeſtered, and perhaps by Miſs Maria herſelf, would have been too delicious a feaſt for her raillery. Alone, I retraced the ſilent walk, and ſecured in my boſom the object of my ſearch. Finding myſelf in no hurry to return to my lodging, I ſat down, ruminating upon the incident of the evening, at intervals, examining the drawing, and retouching my lines, by the aſſiſtance of the moon. The night was fully cloſed in, and the ſhades had varied conſiderably; but thoſe in my own mind had undergone a ſtill greater change.

My thoughts were full of the lovely ſpectre, and my eyes, every moment, turned toward the embowered walk. A new idea preſented itſelf: "I cannot preſs her to by boſom, but I will delight myſelf with her beloved form!" In the ſide of my draught, I ſketched her graceful figure, as ſhe had appeared in the act of retreating from the bower, a juſt perſonification of melancholy. Her garments were half confounded with the ſhades of the evening, and her beautiful face half-averted from the view.

Theſe, my dear Wilſon, are the circumſtances of an adventure, which I ſhall for ever remember with tranſport. The effect of her abſtaining from her lonely wanderings is moſt pleaſingly viſible in her health and countenance. The return of her brother's birthday will but ſeldom remind her of thoſe diſtreſſes, the impreſſion of

which, till of late, was conſtant and habitual. She no longer baniſhes me her company; no longer remonſtrates againſt my paſſion. I poſſeſs ſomething more than her eſteem. Oh Wilſon, can there be, among mortals, a happier individual than

HENRY STANLEY?

LETTER XXVII.

To the SAME.

I OWN it, dear Wilſon, the privilege of free converſation with Eliſa; the pleaſant turn now given to my meditations, altogether begins to make terrible enchroachments on the time lately appropriated to ſcribbling. But as I know you take more intereſt in the welfare, in the real felicity of your friend, than in any other ſubject I can have to communicate, I ſhall never ſuppoſe my letters will be unacceptable, while I can tell you, in three words, "*I am Happy.*" It is not that I paſs my time with Eliſa, entirely in the ſtyle of a lover. She admits me to the

unreſerved freedom of a brother, and every little occurrence of life affords ſubject for our converſation. Yet you muſt not fancy me a mere brother: my conſtant attachment to her company, and the little attention I pay to every other object, when ſhe is preſent, ſtill tell me, and would tell you, my friend, what I really am.

The dear creature herſelf improves every day in health, in cheerfulneſs, in lovelineſs. The firſt ſtruggle of affliction and of exceſſive delicacy is over. Her converſation, which was once clouded with a woful gravity, becomes continually more and more enlivened with enchanting ſmiles, each ſporting in its heavenly dimple. I cannot be deceived, Wilſon: in thoſe dimples, I plainly diſcover ſomething more than a cold compliance with the wiſhes of her father. The air, with which ſhe receives my little endearing attentions,

whiſpers in my ear, that ſhe would not now call herſelf my ſiſter. Thy friend is indeed a happy man.

Mr. Powell has aſſumed a degree of cheerfulneſs. Joy again darts forth a mild beam from his eyes; his daughter's heart revives while ſhe looks at him; and every day adds new charms to her perſon and temper, which I had thought impoſſible.

What a pity that ſuch a woman ſhould have been viſited with afflictions ſo grievous! Her natural diſpoſition now appears to be made up of charming, benevolent livelineſs, delicate ſentiment, and ſweet ſenſibility. Her beauty—Nature has been moſt laviſhly kind, where external ornament was unneceſſary. With the hue and features of an African, Eliſa Powell would have been a moſt intereſting woman.

We were both thrown into a kind of ludicrous embarraſſment, this afternoon, by that provoking girl Maria Jones.

My adventure in the alcove by moonlight, where my lips firſt touched the cheek of Eliſa, as you may well ſuppoſe, is ſtill a ſubject of contemplation, peculiarly pleaſant. I had employed an hour or two, every day, when my dear friend happened to be inacceſſible, in finiſhing my drawing. Whether it was owing to the ſubject itſelf, to the extraordinary pains I had taken, or to happy accident, I cannot tell, but there ſeems to be ſomething in the figure I introduced into it, more ſublime and original than I could have hoped to accompliſh. My poor pencil, in this inſtance, ſnatched a grace far beyond the reach of its art. It was to have been exhibited to Eliſa, at ſome favorable hour, when we ſhould be entirely alone.

This afternoon, while Maria was ſitting with us, my dear girl aſked if I had finiſhed it. When I anſwered in the affirmative, ſhe requeſted me to bring it down. Unwilling to produce it, before a third perſon, I endeavoured to excuſe myſelf, by mentioning it as a trifle, that did not deſerve their notice. Eliſa repeated the requeſt, with a ſmile which I ſhall never diſobey: and Miſs Maria ſaid, "Pray ſir, let us have none of your affected diffidence: whatever opinion we may entertain of ourſelves, you do not miſtake us for connoiſſeurs."

"I hope, madam, you will not prove very ſevere ones," ſaid I, getting up to fetch the drawing,

I laid it open before them.

"Bleſs me; ſaid Maria, "whom have we got here?"

You recollect, Wilſon, that when Eliſa ſaw the firſt ſketch, I had not attempted a ſingle line of the figure. At

the firſt glance, ſhe was a little ſurpriſed; but preſently gueſſing at the meaning of it, ſhe aſked me, very good humouredly, if I conſidered it as an ornament in my landſcape.

"A painter," I replied, "who could do juſtice to the original, might ſafely truſt his fame to it."

"What a compliment!" tittered Maria. "Now if I could trace any reſemblance of my ſweet perſon, it would make me prodigiouſly vain. I ſhould vaniſh repeatedly, for your retouches, till your imagination could repreſent me as a real goddeſs. But how is this? I fear the figure will do much better for Miſs Powell."

"Taking it altogether," ſaid Eliſa, "it is a charming drawing, if you do not ſet a particular value upon it—"

Maria interrupted her, ſaying, "I will finiſh the ſentence. You were about to ſay, I ſhould think it a hand-

ſome preſent. And you are to reply, ſir, The reſemblance I have hit off, in that figure, renders it, in my eyes, ineſtimable."

"Hold, my dear prompter," ſaid I: "Nothing can be too valuable to be ſacrificed to a hint from that lady; but to convince you, that there is ſomething peculiar in [illegible] piece, I muſt requeſt leave to retain a copy."

"Again," ſaid Maria. "Certainly you are a mighty odd man, Mr. Stanley, or elſe you are deſperately in love. Had I the power of ſome folks, I would lead you a dance. You ſhould be plagued to the truth, provided I could like you well enough to be troubled with you. But I muſt decide the preſent diſpute. No copies yet, my good parſon, if you pleaſe." She then ſnatched our hands, and joined them together, ſaying very gravely, "You, madam, ſhall have the origi-

nal; and you too, ſir, ſhall have the original. Now I hope that both of you will be perfectly ſatisfied."

"Miſs Jones," ſaid Eliſa, half frowning and half laughing, "how can you be ſo giddy? But do not you think, Mr. Stanley, your copy would have more unity of deſign, if you omitted the figure?" Perceiving the motive of this hint, I ſaid, "The whole ſhall remain an unique. Will you do me the honour to accept of it?"

"There you are wrong again ſir," ſaid Maria; "by all means keep a copy, and leave her entirely out of it. I will honour you with permiſſion to put me into her place. See here, ſir; I will move ſo, or ſo—or ſtand thus. I cannot imagine but the whole will be vaſtly improved. It is impoſſible Eliſa can give up the point, as I find you had not formally obtained her conſent. As for mine, you have had it before witneſs,

and I inſiſt upon my right to fill the vacant nook."

"Maria," ſaid Miſs Powell, with a ſmile, "you cannot ſuppoſe I fancy a ſerious impropriety in Mr. Stanley's having taken a ſketch of me in a landſcape."

"No, to be ſure," retorted the malicious girl; "as it was only by moonlight, and in the grove."

"Not even there, madam. My objection was of a different nature. Upon reflection, I find it was nothing at all. Here is the drawing, ſir. When you have finiſhed your copy, you will gratify my requeſt."

"Then poſitively," ſaid Maria, "poor I muſt be thrown out again. Well. My turn will come. I am now long eighteen. Mr. Stanley, you muſt let me ſee what figure I can make in a landſcape. But don't ſuppoſe I will be touched off in the grove

by moonlight: it ſhall be in the open day, and ſomewhere on the terrace walk, where a Miſs in her Teens may appear with ſtrict propriety, as my governeſs would have ſaid."

Some trifle or other interrupted me while I was writing to you. The fragment has been, now ſix days, lying dormant. I have collected, in the mean time, materials for a conſiderable packet, and probably the laſt that you will receive from this place. We ſet out in a week for Morley-caſtle. Watkins came on Monday, with the leaſes drawn out. They have ſince been executed; and I have ſettled every thing with my tenants, to the ſatisfaction of all parties. My little building is in a forward ſtate, and will be covered in before winter. But what pleaſes me moſt of all is, that Eliſa has been to ſee it, and has ſo far

gratified my wiſhes, as to offer ſome hints for improvement. Maria took a trip to the farm along with us. With her uſual promptitude of ſpeech, ſhe condemned the whole plan; coaxed Eliſa to order the conſtruction, not of a ſulky wing, but of a comfortable houſe.

"And then," ſays ſhe, "I may venture to hope that, one day or other, we ſhall be neighbours."

We have loſt this lovely girl, Wilſon, and, with all her provoking oddities, I muſt confeſs that we regret her abſence. The young lawyer took her up in his gig yeſterday morning, and carried her off to her father's. As ſhe is an acknowledged favourite of yours, I will amuſe you with a ſingular trait of her character. On the evening before ſhe left us, ſhe treated all the company at the hall with tea. While we were chatting in a jocular manner, I told Watkins, he would now have an

opportunity to be up with her, for all the provoking tricks ſhe had ſerved him. He had nothing more to do than to wheel North about, and ſet her down at Gretna.

"Let him attempt it, if he dare," replied the dauntleſs girl: "I fancy he has had convincing proof that this damſel is not to be carried by ſtorm."

She then told us, with infinite candour, a whimſical adventure in which ſhe had been engaged, about two years ago; and which, to a girl of leſs ſpirit than Maria Jones, would have produced no ſmall perplexity.

It ſeems, a rich nabob in the neighbourhood had left his enormous eſtates to a hare-brained ſon, whom the vainglorious father, comparing his own importance with that of the Great Mogul, had dignified with the name of *Mogullino*. Mogullino Goulter, eſquire, had caſt the eyes of deſire upon Maria,

while ſhe was yet a girl at a boarding-ſchool. He ogled and leered in ſuch a manner, at church, and on the public walk, that, young as ſhe was, ſhe could not miſtake his meaning; but knowing that ſhe had ſeveral rivals in his affection, and ſome very unworthy ones, ſhe was in no great haſte to make the expected return. At firſt, ſhe ſcrupled not to look at him, with that unreſerved ſimplicity which ſuited her age and diſpoſition, and ſhe afterward continued to hazard, now and then, a ſtolen glance, rendered innocent, in her eſteem, by unequivocal contempt. Sometimes, indeed, ſhe ſmiled at the oddneſs of his attitude, or the extravagance of his geſtures; and the conceit of vanity miſtook the mere titillation of fancy for an approving ſentiment of the heart. Encouraged by this promiſing ſymptom, Mogullino advanced in his attacks, and repeatedly attempted,

either a ſoft whiſper, or the conveying of a tender billet; but the nymph, aware of his deſign, always contrived to keep cloſe to that female Argus—her governeſs. This lady was an accompliſhed and agreeable woman, of the ſame ſurname as Maria, but upon the verge of forty. Her eyes frequently caught eſquire Goulter's expreſſive glances, and, by her not taking public notice of them, her pupil ſuppoſed that ſhe miſtook their object.

The ſpark, however, finding, after repeated efforts, that he could not ſucceed to his wiſhes in a deſign which had hitherto a doubtful object, had recourſe to the young lady's father. With all the arrogance of a ſuperior, conſcious of his own merit, haughty in his condeſcenſion, and confident of carrying his point, he offered his hand and fortune to Mr. Jones' *pretty little daughter*.

As Mogullino was one of thoſe blades who endeavour to raiſe their own importance, by ſinking that of their eſtates, you may conclude this young lady was not a very proper match for him: but it was his whim, and againſt whim, prudence and intereſt were mere feathers in the balance.

The blunt honeſt farmer, who heartily deſpiſed his character, patiently heard his ſuit, and put him off with a laconic anſwer, that he conſidered his daughter as a child: when ſhe ſhould have attained a proper age to chooſe a huſband, he hoped Maria Jones would nor regard ſuperior wealth, as his principal, much leſs as his only qualification: that, in his eſteem, it was far from being any recommendation at all, unleſs the poſſeſſor had ſo much moderation and ſelf-command, as to afford ſome hopes of its permanence."

Mr. Goulter muttered ſomething a-

bout an eſtate that would purchaſe all the Joneſes in the county. To which the farmer cooly replied, that, unleſs that noble eſtate was better huſbanded, he would find an opportunity to beſtow ſome part of it upon his daughter, without giving Mr. Goulter the trouble of her hand.

By theſe ſpeches, Mr. Jones hoped to deter the eſquire from any further thoughts about Maria.

The man of conſequence, diſdaining to remonſtrate with a ſurly ruſtic, wiſhed him a good morning, and, with a ſingle jerk of his heel, veered round full ſixteen points of the compaſs: but in his love, Mogullino was like an arrow in a bow. In proportion to the force that drew him back, were augumented his violent efforts to puſh forward.

In the ſchool, where Maria received her education, a young lady of the name of Fenkins was retained as a

teacher in filigree. She had formerly lived, as a companion, with Mogullino's ſiſter, and, in conſequence, always ſpoke very handſomely of the young eſquire. Mr. Goulter prevailed upon this old acquaintance to deliver into Maria's own hand a letter full of flames and darts.

With the utmoſt ſimplicity, this accompliſhed duenna gave up her charge, as a letter, ſhe ſuppoſed, from Miſs Jones' brother. A country-woman had called with eggs, and had left it in her care.

Maria fortunately knew the ſeal: ſhe had frequently ſeen Mr. Goulter's creſt, upon his new gilt chariot. What is to be done with it, was the queſtion. "Throw it into the fire—return it unopened—or give it to your governeſs," ſays Prudence. Love made no objection; but curioſity and, perhaps vanity, pertinaciouſly demurred. It was the firſt

thing ſhe had ever received in the form of a love-letter. Surely it could be no great crime to take a peep. Maria's confidant and bedfellow, Miſs Lywelyn, was about a year older, and had learned a good deal more. By this young lady's aſſiſtance, it was contrived to warm the wax ſo as to open the letter without materially injuring the impreſſion. Maria red the billet, and cloſed it again. She had ſufficient common ſenſe to diſcern that it was a mere compilation from the frigid lover's common-place book. The overſtrained ſentiments could be appropriate to no character, and therefore would not appear more glaringly abſurd, when addreſſed to one perſon than to another.

The two young ladies again put their heads together, and, in conſequence, the charming epiſtle was privately ſlipped into the work-bag of Miſs Jones—*the governeſs*.

The next morning, after breakfaſt, as that prudent lady was rummaging after ſomething or other, the fair confederates had the ſatisfaction to ſee the myſterious billet tumble out upon the table.

Miſs Jones looked earneſtly, firſt of all at the direction, and then at the ſeal; made general enquiry about the letter, and receiving no information, broke it open. Again ſhe looked at the ſuperſcription, read the name of Mogullino Goulter, and retired in ſilence to her own room.

The worthy governeſs, you recollect, though a well-bred, intelligent woman, was now verging upon forty. In ſpite of a moderate corpulence, ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed the remains of an agreeable perſon, and, in forming an eſtimate of her charms, paid more deference to a favourable portrait, taken about twenty years ago, than to the evidence of her glaſs.

Being, moreover, ſomewhat afflicted with the conſtant malady of the ſober ſiſterhood, an eaſy credulity in love affairs; it ſeems ſhe ſet aſide her good ſenſe and knowledge of the world, and ſwallowed the bait without ſcruple. After an hour's abſence, the young ladies ſaw her enter the ſchool-room. She muſed for ſome time, then retired again, taking pen, ink, and paper with her. Upon her ſecond entrance, Miſs Lywelyn perceiving the new arrangement of the good lady's head-dreſs, made a ſhrewd gueſs at the ſituation of her heart. Deſirous, however, to enjoy her triumph more completely, ſhe begged her governeſs to obſerve a gentleman that ſeemed to harbour ſome deſign againſt the houſe. He had traverſed ſeveral time before the court, and looked in a very particular manner at the windows of the ſchool-room.

Miſs Jones replied, that young girls

ſhould not even ſee ſuch a gentleman. She had herſelf remarked Mr. Goulter's motions. He was reported to be a gay, and rather dangerous man; notwithſtanding this, he had ſome good qualities. If it ſhould be his fortune to eſpouſe a woman of diſcretion, and ſome experience in life, he might be reclaimed, and rendered a valuable character.

"However, my dear," adds Miſs Jones, "I am obliged to you for mentioning this circumſtance to me. My ladies muſt not be diſturbed by his impertinent curioſity. I will ſend for him, and have ſome private talk with him. I will demand the meaning of his behaviour."

The governeſs had already written a card of invitation to Mr. Goulter, without forgetting to mention his letter, in very civil terms. This meſſage might have produced a premature explanation,

had not Miſs Fenkins, the underteacher, obſerved every thing that paſſed, and contrived to give the gallant youth his proper cue.

He came, the next day, to pay a morning viſit, had two hours tête-a-tête with the handſome governeſs, and left her in great ſpirits.

Soon after he had taken his leave, Miſs Jones received a note from Mrs. Morgan (Maria's aunt) inviting that young lady to dinner, to meet a relation, and requeſting, as a favour, that Miſs Fenkins might walk with her. The worthy governeſs was in too good humour to examine, or to refuſe any thing on that day. The ladies were equipt for their walk. They had about a mile to go out of the town; but had not proceeded above two hundred yards when they met an empty poſt-chaiſe and four. The driver accoſted Miſs Maria Jones by name, and ſaid that he

was ſent from Mrs. Morgan's, to give her a lift. As they were jogging along, Miſs Fenkins wheedled the young lady out of the myſtery of the letter, complimented her upon the ingenious turn ſhe had played the governeſs and Mr. Goulter, and added, "I ſhould be highly diverted to ſee how the poor gentleman muſt look, after this morning's charming interview. As I live, there is the very man, upon the road before us!" It was Mogullino Goulter ſure enough. He had ſprained his ancle, forſooth, and was making wry faces and hobbling moſt miſerably. He conjured the ladies to take him into the carriage, that the driver might carry him to his own houſe, as ſoon as he had ſet them down at Mrs. Morgan's. Maria propoſed to walk, and let the carriage proceed with him directly. But the gallant eſquire, groaning moſt diſmally, proteſted upon his honour,

he had rather die upon the road than put the young lady to ſuch an inconvenience. The good girl's humanity, at laſt, got the better of her diſcretion, and as the agonizing eſquire was hauled and puſhed into the chaiſe, Miſs Fenkins obſerved to the driver, that, as the poor gentleman was in great pain, he had better proceed firſt with him. And then," ſaid ſhe, "Miſs and I ſhall enjoy the longer ride."

Maria obſerving that the man did not take the direct track to Mrs. Morgan's, or to Goulter-hall, began to be uneaſy: but Mogullino ſoon calmed her apprehenſions, by ſaying it was the ſmootheſt road. Preſently after this, two of the eſquires ſervants coming up to the chaiſe well-mounted, one of them delivered to his maſter his golden-hilted ſabre. The young lady has ſcarcely time to reflect upon this, before the driver began to proceed moſt furiouſly.

Poor tender-hearted maid! ſhe was apprehenſive that the jolting of the carriage would be rather inconvenient to the gentleman; but Mogullino had now left off groaning, and, with ſoft leers and kind ſpeeches, was beginning to diſperſe her fears by informing her of her celeſtial beauty, his own unconquerable paſſion, the ingenious ſtratagem which love had ſuggeſted to ſecure her perſon, and his reſolution to treat her with an airing to Gretna Green.

Aſtoniſhed at his preſumption, and confounded at her own ſimplicity, the deluded girl begged Miſs Fenkins' protection. That prudent lady ſpoke highly of Mr. Goulter's merit, his honour, and the all-ſubduing power of love. She concluded her harangue by aſſuring Maria, that even friendſhip forbad her to interpoſe, as her little friend muſt now be eſteemed the moſt fortunate of women.

The poor girl now perceiving how completely ſhe had been betrayed, ſaid indignantly to Goulter, " Would you preſume to marry me, without my father's, without my own conſent ?"

To this the illuſtrious nabob replied, in a haughty tone, that, as farmer Jones had the imprudence to reject his ſuit, and the impertinence to remark upon his conduct, he could never condeſcend to make a ſecond application. But the father's rude preſumption had not altered his ſentiments reſpecting the daughter. His eyes had never beheld ſuch a *ſweet little Angel*, and he was determined that ſhe alone ſhould be honoured with the name of Mrs. Goulter.

Mad with indignation, ſhe exclaimed, " The honour to be married to an unprincipled libertine ! I ſhall for ever eſteem it a vile degradation. Tremble, thou wretch, at the vengeance of the

violated laws, and the reſentment of an inſulted woman! Whatever becomes of me, I will find means to make thee repent this outrage!"

And I make no doubt, Wilſon, but, by hook or by crook, ſhe would have been as good as her word. Though Maria Jones has certainly much virtue, ſuch abominable uſage would have provoked her to diſcover, that ſhe has ſtill more ſpirit.

"The laws, madam," replied the cunning ſeducer, "will not hurt me. This young lady, and the driver, can teſtify, that my charming Maria aſſiſted me into the carriage."

Extremely mortified by this mean remark, Maria now began to cry bitterly. In vain were the ſofteſt ſpeeches and the tendereſt careſſes applied. Her tears flowed without intermiſſion for full ten minutes. At laſt, recollecting that they were ſtill proceeding upon the jour-

ney, and reſolving to make one effort more, ſhe ſobbed out, in a ſupplicating tone, "For heaven's ſake, ſir, take pity upon me, and carry me back to my poor friends. I can never be reconciled to it. I cannot live with you: indeed I cannot! What pleaſure will it give you to kill me with your cruelty! Reflect upon the impolicy, as well as the atrociouſneſs of your conduct. In point of fortune, I am not in a ſituation to make a ſcheme of this ſort worth your while, and, to you, ſir, it is certain, my father will never give a guinea."

"I have a ſpirit," ſaid the great Mogullino, "ſuperior to pecuniary conſiderations.

"Upon what principle then," demanded Maria, "even if you had my conſent, could you marry me?"

"Upon the principle, my little Trojan goddeſs, of all-controling love,

which makes fools of the proudeſt monarchs; and upon the principle of wounded honour, which has been rudely inſulted by an inferior," replied the ſtupid and unfeeling wretch.

Maria now, finding that expoſtulations, threats, tears, and intreaties, were equally ineffectual, remained ſilent, and began to turn her thoughts toward her own peculiar reſources. Poſſeſſed of a very ſlender portion of the natural timidity of her ſex, unadulterated by a grain of its affectation, you may regard her, not as a helpleſs girl of ſixteen, overawed by the power and craft of a wealthy libertine; but you muſt compare her ſituation to that of a ſpirited young gentleman, indignant at his wrongs, and aſhamed of the reflection that he had been bullied ſo long by a known poltroon. She conceived the ſame contempt for Goulter's underſtanding, as his own ſex freely expreſſ-

ed for his courage. This thought inſpired her with the reſolution, to effect her own reſcue, the firſt opportunity that offered, and at all events, before the approach of night. Her firſt project was to have wounded her gallant. She ſearched her pocket: the ſciſſars had been left behind. Her ſteel hatpin next occurred to her. With this, during her reſentment and diſdain, ſhe meditated a home thruſt, as ſoon as any perſon ſhould appear upon the road that might take care of her. But, as pure contempt began to gain ground of indignation, ſhe thought it would be ſufficient to frighten the hero. With a view of coaxing him out of ſome offenſive weapon, ſhe ſaid to Mogullino, with a cheerful countenance, " As you are determined, it is in vain to remonſtrate. I muſt ſubmit to my fate. I will endeavour to do it with a good grace. I hope you will be too gene-

rous to uſe me ill for the repugnance I expreſſed in my fright."

This produced a profuſion of rapturous careſſes, and extravagant profeſſions; traps for much weaker minds than Maria's; ſuch as a coach and ſix, ſplendid equipage and attendance, and preſentation at court, where ſhe would be the envy of the moſt dignified rank.

The young lady ſeeming to be quite enchanted with this mummery, ſaid, "It is poſſible, ſir, that we may be purſued. If I am reſcued, after having run away with you, I ſhall loſe all theſe charming things, and my reputation into the bargain. I hope you do not depend ſolely upon the protection of your ſervants; yet I cannot ſee that you have any offenſive weapon but your ſabre.

The young nabob then ſhewed her ſome piſtols, in the pocket of the carriage, ready primed, ſaying with a tri-

umphant ſmile " If old Squaretoes ſhould be ſo mad as to oppoſe the good fortune of his daughter, theſe will do his buſineſs for him."

Maria took out the piſtols one at a time, examined, and replaced them, ſaying to the eſquire, " I am not at all afraid of theſe weapons. I have frequently fired off my brother's piſtols at a mark." They had not proceeded far after this incident, when the young lady, who kept a good look-out, obſerving a gentleman and his ſervant on horſeback, in a road nearly parallel to theirs, and leading into it, exclaimed, " Here they come! I know them, my brother and my couſin, and two men riding after them.—Cock one of the piſtols for me! When they perceive my reſolution, it will prevent miſchief being done."

The booby complied, and, with a

trembling hand, took out the other for his own defence.

Maria holding her thumb upon the cock, with the butt end of her piſtol beat out the glaſs. Miſs Fenkins gave a loud ſhriek, dropped down between them, and played off an hyſterie fit, in the bottom of the carriage. The noiſe attracted the notice of the ſtranger, who had, by this time, approached within fifty yards.

"Put up your piſtol, ſir," ſays Maria to the mighty Mogullino: "I claim to myſelf the whole honour of the preſent action."

The hero was not loath to reſign his ſhare of glory. Then turning the piſtol directly upon him, ſhe adds, with a menacing look, "As you value your life, ſir, move not a finger." "Stop, driver, while I ſpeak to the gentleman!" The driver, turning round, aſked Goulter if he muſt halt.

"You are now under my command," ſays Maria, "the moment you diſobey me, will be your maſter's laſt."—"What do you mean, Mar-r-ia?" ſays the gallant ſpark.—"Be ſilent, or die!" replied our heroine.

The ſtranger now coming up, checked his horſe to gaze at them. Maria beckoned to him, gave him a brief account of her ſituation, and demanded, if, as a man of honour, he would reſcue a young lady from the hands of a ſacrilegious coward, and reſtore her to her friends.

"I ſhould be proud of the office," anſwered the gallant ſtranger, "if the lady had not the thouſandth part of your lovelineſs, or the gentleman—a trifle more of ſpirit. Fear nothing, madam, you ſhall proceed no further in ſuch company."

Whlle he was diſmounting, and preparing to open the door of the car-

riage, Goulter's ſervants were coming round, and preſenting their piſtols. Maria reminded them of their maſter's ſituation, declaring ſhe would not trifle, nor be trifled with. Being doubtful to what length ſhe might carry the joke, they thought proper to deſiſt. They had another reaſon for calling a council of war, before they commenced the action. The ſtranger's ſervant, a rough-haired, thickſet Welſhman, had, by this time, produced two enormous horſe-piſtols, which he brandiſhed in both hands, looking at his antagoniſts with a countenance like that of a true-bred bulldog, while the chain is faſtening to the ring.

Mogullino now made his laſt effort; addreſſing himſelf in theſe words to Maria's champion, "Purſue your journey, ſir, in peace. This lady is my wife. Her intellects are, unfortunately, ſomewhat deranged. She has

now ſnatched a piſtol out of the pocket of the chaiſe: if you approach her, ſhe may do you a miſchief."—"Speak not, ſir," exclaimed the intrepid laſs, "or you may chance to burſt a blood-veſſel. This gentleman is armed only with a whip; as he is ſo generous as to take charge of your *deranged wife*, be kind enough to hand him that ſabre, for which you have no uſe at all. Obſerving that Mogullino, though completely ſubdued, ſtill heſitated, ſhe enforced her order with, "I will be obeyed—or"——The meek lover reſigned the weapon, ſaying, "Will the gentleman accept of my ſabre?"

Maria, burſting into a loud laugh, pointed at the ſtraps of the harneſs, which the ſtranger cut to fritters in a twinkling, then opened the door, and let down the ſtep. The lady, ſtill holding the piſtol in her hand, deſcended without further moleſtation.

All this time, Miſs Charlotte Fenkins had been ſprawling in the bottom of the carriage. She now perceived that the danger was nearly over, and ſo recovered from her fit.

Maria fired off her piſtol into the air, toſſed both that and the ſabre, into the chaiſe, dropped a very low courteſy to Mogullino Goulter, eſquire; thanked him for her morning's airing, and adviſed him, the next time he ſhould take a fancy to a young lady, to enquire, firſt of all, whether ſhe could ſtand the ſhock of fire-arms, to diſplay ſome quality that might ſecure her eſteem, and intereſt her heart, "and then," ſays ſhe, "you may find Gretna Green at the firſt pariſh church that comes in your way. As for me, ſir, you will henceforth acknowledge I am an unequal match for you."

Maria now turned off from the eſquire. The ſtranger, taking her by the arm,

conducted her toward a capital inn, about a mile forward upon the road. His ſervant, having ſwung his patereroes a-croſs the ſaddle, rode one horſe and led the other, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, and grinning all the time, without ſpeaking a word. They left the great Mogullino and his fair auxiliary, ſeated in ſilent ſtate, in their immoveable chariot, with fallen pride, and no ſmall confuſion of face. But as ſoon as that ſpirited gentleman fairly ſaw the backs of his adverſaries, his noble reſentment burſt forth in the moſt valiant oaths, bluſtering imprecations, and vows of revenge. Firſt of all, he called upon his ſervants to witneſs the robbery that had been committed. The poor fellows, aſhamed of having embarked in a hazardous enterprize, under ſuch a general, remained ſilent. Mogullino then hailing the ſtranger, denounced, with the moſt direful impre-

cation, that this outrage ſhould not go with impunity. Finding his threats were diſregarded, he, in the next place, demanded the young man's addreſs, and inſiſted upon it, that if he was a gentleman, he would appoint a meeting, and name his weapons.

Maria's champion now quitting her arm, returned a few ſteps, and with a grave tone, replied, "My name is Watkins. I boaſt not myſelf a gentleman of your rank, being nothing more than a little attorney of Brecknock. Our meeting, if you pleaſe, ſhall be at the next aſſizes at Preſteign; my weapon, the act of abduction: but if, in the mean time, your offended dignity ſhould have a fancy for any other kind of ſatisfaction, upon your own terms, where, and wherever you pleaſe, I will grant you a privilege to which you have forfeited every claim. Take notice, moreover, that, if you will call after

me any more, I will ſee you as ſoon as I ſhall have left this lady in a place of ſafety."

Having pronounced this defiance, which Mogullino heard with profound reſpect, he proceeded with his fair charge to the inn, without further interruption.

Poor Maria, whoſe exertions had been ſtrained to the utmoſt, now finding herſelf ſecure, ſat down to reflect upon this ſingular adventure, and, for the only time in her life, was mortified by ſomething like a fit of hyſterics. But her night errant, full of glee and rapture, jumping over the tables, and capering about the houſe like a madman, ſoon reſtored her good humour. Having procured the fair damſel ſome refreſhment, he ordered a poſt-chaiſe to take her home. The inkeeper's daughter was to have rode with her:

he himſelf, and his ſturdy valet, were to have been her eſcort without.

Juſt as the horſes were putting to, who ſhould come bowling into the court but Mr. Jones, his ſon, and the forlorn governeſs.

It happened that, immediately after Maria's departure from the ſchool, Miſs Lywelyn, conſcious of the tricks that had been played with the letter, and ſuſpecting that Fenkins and Goulter were meditating ſome deep manœuvre, informed Miſs Allen, the head teacher, of the whole myſtery. That young lady, alarmed at Maria's ſituation, communicated her intelligence to the governeſs, who, being ſubdued by reſentment and ſurpriſe, and, perhaps, fluttered a little by diſappointment, was for ſome time incapable of thought. Miſs Allen, however, took ſuch meaſures as produced the effect I have now recited.

They had paſſed the eſquire's carriage upon the road. The ſervants were endeavouring to botch up the tattered harneſs, while the maſter ſat beſide his rueful looking duenna, ſwearing and lamenting that *the little vixen* had not been ſtolen from him by a gentleman, on whom he might wreak a juſt revenge. Young Jones ſtopped his vociferation, catching him by the throat, and denouncing inſtant death, if he did not produce his ſiſter. It is probable the unfortunate nabob would have been effectually ſilenced, had not his attendants aſſured the enraged brother, that the lady had been reſcued by a gentleman, and carried to the inn before them.

Mr. Jones, having heard the ſtory, embraced the adventurous youth with gratitude and admiration, ſaying it would never be in his power to reward his gallant behaviour.

"Upon my ſoul, ſir," replies Watkins, "You greatly underrate your power. With the concurrence of that young lady, you could more than reward the repetition of ſuch an act every day of my life."

The generous farmer expreſſing a wiſh for a further acquaintance with our hero, and promiſing that Maria herſelf ſhould determine upon the mode of recompenſe, the young lady could not refuſe his taking a very gracious leave of her. Watkins purſued his journey to Preſteign, and, in his return, did not fail to call at Mr. Jones' houſe, where he was prevailed upon to ſtop ſome days.

"Since that time," adds the humorous girl, "he has not ceaſed to remind me of his reward, and though I have laid out much patience in liſtening to his fine ſpeeches, and beſtowed upon him as many of my own as would have

contented any reaſonable man, this unconſcionable wretch ſtill expreſſes himſelf diſſatisfied. Like other gentlemen of his profeſſion, I fancy he intends, by letters and journeys, to work up a ſmall debt to ſuch a ſum as will enable him to take out an exchequer-writ againſt my poor perſon. If he treats me civilly, and humours me a little, I may not perhaps give him much trouble: but ſhould he chooſe to take your advice, ſir, he knows what to expect. I have ſome confidence in him, and, to morrow morning, ſhall not ſcruple to put him upon his good behaviour. In the mean time, you will give me leave to finiſh the ſtory. My dear Mr. Goulter was not diſappointed of a wife, by this chaps officious meddling. Miſs Jones, our governeſs, had an uncle. You might have heard of Mr. Gregory Rowland, a rich and moſt accompliſhed attorney. This gentleman,

who had done ſeveral kind offices for Mogullino, and, had he thought proper, might have introduced him to the fine company at the kings-bench, condeſcended to explain to the young Nabob the impropriety of trifling with a woman of character. He alſo gave him ſome friendly advice, in conſequence of which, the generous youth ſettled upon the lady an eſtate of two thouſand a year, and married her about eighteen months ago: for the laſt ſix, he has made her a very decent huſband, being entirely dependent upon her bounty.

I hope, Wilſon, this packet will rub out all old ſcores againſt

Yours, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mrs. ARNOLD.

MY Dear Arabella knows her Eliſa ſo well, that it would be quite ſuperfluous for me to deſcribe the heart-felt ſatisfaction, communicated by her charming letter. That virtuous affection, which any woman might have been proud to acknowledge, receives its due reward.

My heart congratulates you upon the occaſion; but my pen cannot expreſs its feelings. May heaven ſhower down its choiceſt bleſſings upon you, and the man who deſerves your choice!

I ſhall loſe no more time in this place. I am haſtening to pour into

your boſom thoſe tears of real tranſport, which muſt teſtify my ſenſibility, at the perfect reſtoration of happineſs to my dear Arabella.

How ſhall I anſwer thoſe paragraphs of your letter which reſpect myſelf! Your kind felicitations upon my returning health, upon the proſpect of my being yet reſtored to the love of life, of my one day following your example! Oh Arabella! my face is overſpread with confuſion: I am aſtoniſhed at myſelf, while I record theſe facts, while I acknowledge the juſtneſs of your information. It has been ſo full and ſo accurate, that I need not trouble you with a recital of incidents. Yet I muſt lay before you my own reflections, ſome faithful ſketches of my heart. Arabella will be tender to its feelings.

There are yet moments when I regard the whole as an illuſion; when the proſpect of happineſs opens before me,

fair and desirable; but totally inaccessible, separated by a gulf of woe. I sometimes recollect the past happiness of my family, and the dreadful effects of my own imprudence. The image of poor Charles, and of my beloved mother, sometimes return, blessing me with their last breath, and forgetting that I was the instrument of their agonies and death. At another time, my thoughts dwell upon the unfortunate William Weaver. I have already told you my sentiments in regard to him. The situation of my heart—But surely, I have done him wrong! The thoughtless, childish pleasure which I felt in his company, and my eagerness to profit by his kind instructions, may have given encouragement to that secret passion, which he wanted resolution openly to avow. A passion which I myself perceived, yet continued my private interviews with him, and never dis-

cloſed it to my mother. He acted very wrong; but death was a ſevere forfeit. Time might have overcome my reſentment at his cruel, but unpremeditated inſult; and though I could never have been very happy with him, yet I ſhould have had leſs to regret than what has ſince tortured my boſom. Without much of the real ardour, the enthuſiaſm of the heart, I might have been deemed a happy woman, enjoying the comfort and approbation of my deareſt friends; but now—they are no more. You know, Arabella, how long my thoughts have been confined to the contemplation of their loſs, and the hope of ſoon rejoining them.

At the time when I came to this place, not one of them remained, but my father. His heart was ſadly wounded by the conſequences of my indiſcretion; yet he ſtill loved, ſtill eſteemed his Eliſa. Could I do leſs

than contribute every thing in my power to make his laſt days comfortable! A hundred times have I ſtrove to appear cheerful in his preſence; to form, in my countenance, the ſemblance of ſerenity and happineſs; even while my mother, and my dear Charles, ſeemed to ſtand before me, and to beckon me away.

Deceived, perhaps, by my appearance, and anxious to fortify me againſt the probable event of his own death, it was my father's deſire to wean me from my afflictions, to give a new bent to my thoughts.

His acquaintance with the worthy Stanley, and that gentleman's unaccountable affection for me, preſented him with a favourable opportunity. I had known Mr. Stanley for ſome little time; had even loved him, as far as I thought myſelf capable of loving—ſo far that, had there been no captain

Arnold, Stanley was the very man whom I ſhould have wiſhed happy in the affections of my Arabella. But when he declared to me his paſſion, the reflections of my own unworthineſs and irreparable afflictions overwhelmed my mind. Out of regard to his happineſs, had I been able to conceive the warmeſt ſentiments, I ſhould have determined for ever to ſtifle them in my agonizing breaſt. O my friend! I muſt own to you, I had not the firmneſs long, to act upon ſyſtem. Continually preſſed by the wiſhes of my father, whoſe ſmalleſt wiſh I ought to gratify; ſolicited by the unabated affection of Stanley, who now was acquainted with the whole of my ſad ſtory; ſoftened by his expreſſive ſilence, and penetrated with admiration of his virtues, I gradually acquired (as I demanded it) fortitude to encourage his addreſſes. My dear Arabella has told

me, there is nothing I can do with half a heart. She knows me better than I know myſelf. Yes, my friend, I muſt acknowledge there are times, when the calamities of my family and my father's wiſhes are not recollected; when even Stanley's virtues are not the object of my affection. I ſit with him; I liſten to his voice, for I dare not look at his face. He tenderly preſſes my hand; my heart expands with a warmth unknown before, and I doat upon Stanley himſelf.

You will ſee him, Arabella, and judge of his merit; but you muſt not form your opinion too ſpeedily. Though well formed and elegant in his perſon, his countenance wants ſomething of that prepoſſeſſing manly frankneſs which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes captain Arnold.

His general habitude is grave, and his features, though regular, placid,

and humane, expreſs, in a mixed company, but a moderate degree of animation. To ſee him to advantage, you muſt detect him in the ſupport of a generous ſentiment, or the performance of a benevolent action. He will frequently give you an opportunity. In thoſe moments, the noble enthuſiaſm of his ſoul beams forth. It is irreſiſtible. I dare not deſcribe it. His addreſs is equally ill calculated to attract the notice of ſtrangers. Totally negligent, and, conſequently, ignorant, in many inſtances, of the eſtabliſhed formalities of ſociety, he practiſes the art of pleaſing, leſs from any preſcribed rules of politeneſs than from the overflowings of humanity, and the native goodneſs of his heart, which he profeſſes to follow as his only guide. Indeed it ſeems in his intercourſe with inferiors to have the ſole conduct of his actions, yet is ſcarcely ever ſuffered

to hurry him into the exercise of useless and undistinguishing profusion; but is so far tempered with prudence as to enable him to confer real benefits, to be the friend of the distressed, and of the human race. My poor father calls him an unsophisticated man, which, he says, is the most rare, as well as the most valuable production of this globe.

Alas, my friend! his virtues will meet with an unworthy reward. My conscience reproaches me with cruelty in having encouraged his hopes, which might have been placed where there was a fairer prospect of happiness.

But it is now too late to think of retracting—my honour—my heart tells me so. As things are, I shall consider it my duty, for Stanley's sake, to look to the brighter side of life, to be as happy as I can, to endeavour to deserve him.

You know that, till of late, every

little indiſpoſition conſoled me with the hope of a ſpeedy diſſolution; a hope, which was alloyed only by my regard for a tender father: now, my fears are excited by every occaſional languor. The happineſs of the beſt of men depends upon me, and I have learned to ſupplicate heaven, that I may not ſink under the effort to overcome my ſorrows * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

LETTER XXIX.

To the Rev. JAMES WILSON.

Dear Wilſon,

YOU cenſure me with too much rigour: I have not yet forgot you. It is conſiderably more than a month ſince I arrived at Morley-caſtle. I have received from you three letters, without having anſwered one. To all this I muſt plead guilty. For a whole half year I troubled you with a recital of my vexations, and, as you juſtly infer, I ought, in ſome degree, to make you partaker of my good fortune. I wiſh you were with us, that you might witneſs my happineſs, and ſhare it with your friend. As you are not, I fear

my letters will communicate but a very confuſed notion of it. My mind is no leſs ſenſible of pleaſure than of pain: but I perceive them very differently. In the latter, I can diſcriminate every minute circumſtance: I can point out the identical nerve in which I am ſeverely touched; but pleaſure has ſomething of an intoxicating quality. While it elevates a man above the condition of mortality, it ſuſpends ſome of his beſt faculties. In order to judge of me, you ſhould not ſee my letters, but myſelf.

If I muſt ſay any thing more, in my own juſtification, let me freely confeſs, that I have attempted, at three different times, to diſcharge my debt. Thrice has ſome enchanting reverie arreſted my pen, and the incoherent ſcrawl has been committed to the flames. I am now making the fourth

effort; but you muſt not expect order or connection.

My Eliſa—I will not call her an angel—it is my ſupreme happineſs to find her every thing that the moſt lovely of mortals can be. She has perfectly recovered her health: ſhe is no longer ſhocked at my attentions, no longer rejects my moſt tender careſſes. Her affection for me is ardent, generous, unreſtrained by coquetiſh airs; yet pure as the flame that animates a bleſſed ſpirit. I have ſat with her in the little drawing-room, kiſſed the pictures that were delineated by her fingers, played upon her piano, and (enchanting thought!) beheld her graceful figure, and liſtened to her ſoft and melodious voice, while ſhe ſung to her Welſh harp, till I forgot that I was an inhabitant of this earth. I would give a hundred guineas that my uncle and you could ſee her thus em-

ployed, only for five minutes; but the day will come!

The firſt time ſhe led me over the rooms, the gardens, and the walks, where ſhe had enjoyed the ſociety of her mother and brother, the tears of tender recollection flowed into her eyes: they were ſuch tears as did credit to her heart, a warm and rational tribute of duty and love; but they were not indulged to a deſponding exceſs.

Every trait of her character, as it opens, diſplays ſome beauty which had been hitherto concealed. We had not been here a week, when ſhe came to me with a printed bill in her hand.

"I find, my dear friend," ſaid ſhe, "that favourite cottage, where I paſſed many days of my infancy, is to be ſold. My poor nurſe and her huſband have lived there five-and-twenty years. Much of their little ſtock has been expended upon it. It would be very hard

for them to be turned out. Will you take the trouble to purchaſe it for me?"

Before the contract was concluded, I went with Eliſa to ſee the place. Independent of the dear girl's partiality to the ſpot, I ſhould love the ſituation, which is pleaſant and romantic. The houſe has two neat little parlours in front, and a kitchen and ſmall dairy behind. It ſtands in a pretty nook on the gentle declivity of a hill, round the foot of which, the murmuring Cleddau winds its tranſparent ſtream. As we entered without ceremony, we found a neat looking woman, about fifty, ſeated among half a dozen roſy-faced girls, from the age of five to about fourteen. They were dreſſed in clean ſtuff gowns, and occupied, ſome in reading, others at their needles. Eliſa approached the old woman, with a reſpect due to a mother, and the young

ones receiving their charming viſitor with the ſame attention. And well they might, Wilſon. They are poor children of the pariſh, chiefly orphans, whom this benevolent girl has reſcued from dependence and miſery, and placed under the care of this prudent matron. They are taught to read and write, plain work, and to make and mend their own clothes. As ſoon as they acquire ſufficient ſtrength, they are, by turns, employed to milk the cows, manage the dairy, and do every office about the houſe. They are paid a certain price for their work, and, by friendly advice, induced to lay out their money in things neceſſary and becoming for themſelves. By enjoying the fruit of their labour, they are excited to induſtry and emulation: by diſpoſing of it, ſeemingly according to their own judgment, they inſenſibly learn frugality and diſcretion. Every

thing is done to fit them for uſeful ſervants, prudent and amiable wives.

The more I contemplate this little inſtitution, the more I admire it, and the more I love its charitable foundreſs. In all her afflictions, Eliſa never ceaſed to be a parent to the orphan.

One of the front rooms ſhe has furniſhed and decorated after her own taſte. It is reſerved for her own uſe, when ſhe occaſionally brings a friend to take a cup of tea, and viſit the children. My attention was particularly directed to a cabinet, containing moral and religious little books, and trifling articles of dreſs, the occaſional reward of merit. Eliſa does not exclude all idea of finery from the Sunday dreſs of the children, which, ſhe ſays, inures them to a habit of neatneſs: yet ſhe takes care that every article be good in its kind, and inſpires them with com-

tempt for every thing that is ſhowy to-day and uſeleſs to morrow.

Before we went out to ſee the garden and the adjoining fields, Eliſa informed Mrs. Evans, that we ſhould return, and drink tea with her and the children; a treat with which they are never indulged, but when ſhe is preſent. As Evans is Mr. Powell's gardener, I had ſeen him before at Morley-caſtle. He ſhewed us over his little farm, which conſiſts of about thirty acres of paſture and woodland, and an acre and a half which he has taken in as a garden, to raiſe vegetables for the neighbouring markets. By the choice and diſpoſition of this ſpot, he appears to be a man of conſiderable taſte. His neat gravel walks, his ſhrubbery, and his little winding canal, are calculated to gratify a paſſion much more elegant than the love of money. Nor does it derogate from his merit,

when I add, that Eliſa's fancy and generoſity have aided him in planning and finiſhing his decorations.

The forming of the canal was much facilitated, by a copious ſpring that guſhes from a rock, half way up the garden, ſhaded by the ſpreading branches of a venerable oak. A ſpiral walk led us, by the ſtream, up to this ſource, and thence to a pretty ſummer-houſe on the top of the cliff.

This eminence preſents a beautiful view down the valley. The woody ſlopes of the hills, interſperſed with gothic towers, and locking behind each other, in a great meaſure conceal the courſe of the river, till it almoſt reaches the horizon. There they diſcloſe the bending entrance of the haven, like a ſilver creſcent, one horn of which is loſt in the woods, and the other in the fainter tints of the Atlantic. From this charming look-out, we deſcended,

in a different maze, amid ſhrubs and evergreens, till we entered inſenſibly into a thick wood; and the intricate walk carried us to the bank of the prattling Cleddau. Here we were met by Mrs. Evans and her blooming pupils, whom ſhe had, by this time, ſet off in their very beſt attire. During this excurſion, I could ſcarcely imagine that what I had ſeen was an appendage to the cot of a little Welſh farmer; but perſeverance and taſte, to diſcover the genius of the place, will accompliſh great things at a moderate expence.

When we returned to the houſe, the girls all aſſembled in Eliſa's room. Each, in turn, with looks of cheerfulneſs and complacency, exhibited to her benefactreſs the improvement ſhe had made. One brought a ſhirt, one a gown, a third a pair of knit ſtockings, and the little ones their copy books and their leſſons. You would have been

charmed to ſee with what reſpect and attention they heard the remarks that were made upon their performances. A little girl about ſix, held out to me Dr. Watts' Hymn-book for children, and, with great deliberation and propriety of accent, repeated ſeveral ſtanzas of that admirable compoſition. I accompanied the praiſe that was due to her, with a ſly preſent of half a crown. The little creature reddened, and made ſeveral efforts to puſh it back into my hand, till, with a ſhake of the head, and a ſevere frown, I obliged her to accept of it.

She then went to Eliſa, and, in great confuſion, laid the piece upon her knee. The lovely matron exclaimed, with an aſſumed gravity, "Mr. Stanley, you muſt never ſpoil my children! They are too good to accept of any money, but what is of their own earning. Carry it back to

the gentleman, my dear, and tell him it muſt be a miſtake, he could have meant only to make you a preſent of Entick's Dictionary." She gave me the money, with a countenance that indicated the triumph of young principle. Feeling myſelf humbled before this poor child, I promiſed the Dictionary, and begged pardon for my miſtake.

"A miſtake indeed ſir! ſaid Eliſa. "Children, that will receive money of ſtrangers, will, very ſoon, learn to beg money. Surely, you cannot ſuſpect ſo mean a thing of my children!"

As ſoon as their work and books had been removed, the eldeſt girl ſet the teaboard, brought in the urn, and ſtood to wait; but ſhe was, in a manner, ſuperſeded in her office: for Eliſa herſelf helped the little ones to cake, or bread and butter, at the ſame time addreſſing to each of them her kind hopes, that they would continue to be

diligent and induſtrious, and prepare themſelves, as ſoon as poſſible, to be recommended to good places, where they might provide comfortably for their own ſupport.

There was ſomething very prepoſſeſſing in the whole behaviour of theſe children. It was modeſt, cheerful, and unembarraſſed, much more pleaſing, and I think more elegant and genteel, than the ſtarched primneſs of ſome boarding-ſchool miſſes.

As we were going home, I ſaid to my noble-hearted girl, "Indeed, Eliſa, your old nurſe muſt not be turned out. Excluſive of your benevolent inſtitution, I ſee too many traces of your genius in this place, to ſuffer the idea of an alienation.

She intends to erect a little cenotaph in the garden, to the memory of her mother and brother. It is to ſtand under the ſpreading branches of the

oak that leans over the ſpring. The deſign is to be entirely her own. When finiſhed, I will ſend you a drawing of it, if we cannot contrive, in the mean time, to tempt you into this neighbourhood.

Captain Arnold is married. He lives at the diſtance of a morning's ride from the caſtle. His lady is a moſt agreeable and charming woman. We have been to make them a viſit. I muſt teach you, Wilſon, to eſteem and love this man. He received Eliſa with viſible emotion: I might uſe a ſtronger term; yet it muſt be underſtood to be blended with the decorum of a relation, and the reſpect he has always profeſſed for the family. The tears almoſt ſtarted from his eyes, while he congratulated me upon my proſpect in life, "When I obſerved laſt year," ſaid Arnold, "the ſtate of Miſs Powell's health, I little thought I ſhould

ever ſee upon earth ſo beautiful a creature as ſhe now appears."—"It ſeems to me," I anſwered, "that the two lovely couſins will make us both very happy men."

"No doubt of it, Stanley," ſays the captain, "and as Miſs Powell has given misfortune a complete drubbing, we muſt expect to be very happy altogether. We are to have their company next week. They will ſtay with us ſome time."

This afternoon, as we were ſitting with Mr. Powell, the converſation happened to turn upon the felicity of this amiable couple. The old eſquire preſſed my hand, ſaying, "My dear friend, I thought I had taken my leave of happineſs: you have contrived once more to bring us together: to you I am indebted for the calm ſunſhine that gilds the evenings of my days; and as we all underſtand one another pretty

well, ſuppoſe we let the Arnold's ſee that their friends can be as happy as themſelves."

Eliſa caſt her eyes upon her ſable dreſs.

"I underſtand you, my dear, ſaid the father: "You are a good girl, and we muſt indulge you a little in that point. The year will ſoon be completed."

Happy as I am in the ſociety, in the love of this charming girl, can I do leſs than humour the reſpect which ſhe would pay to the memory of the beſt of mothers? I will endeavour to wait, without a painful impatience, till *the year is completed*. If theſe ſcattered incidents, my dear Wilſon, give you as much pleaſure in the peruſal as I experience in the recollection, they will cancel your reſentment of the long ſilence of

Yours, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XXX.

To the SAME.

IS it not unaccountable, Wilſon, that Providence ſhould ſuffer the exiſtence of beings, who live only to do miſchief? Cankered ſouls, the ſcum of malignity and meanneſs, that would diſgrace the infernal regions! I can ſcarcely write intelligibly; but I muſt give vent to my indignation.

I went to church to-day with Mrs. Arnold and Eliſa: we were kneeling down, intent upon our devotions.

I think I had once occaſion to mention to you the deteſtable Griſbys. Theſe two old hags had placed themſelves in the next pew behind us. Af-

ter ſome impertinent things, to which I paid no attention, I obſerved them pop up by turns, and ſtretch their pointed chins over the ſeat. I could not help hearing them liſp out, in loud whiſpers, "The proſpect of a huſband has ſoon reſtored her health. She looks as freſh and as innocent as if nothing at all had happened."—"Her poor mother and brother are ſoon forgotten." "I dare ſay ſhe is glad they are gone. She has the larger fortune to beſtow upon her new favourite."—"He will ſoon make it leſs for her. Did not you ſay, ſiſter, he is an Iriſhman?"—"The —— knows what he is."

Eliſa endeavoured to take no notice of what ſhe heard; but her complexion changed, her agitation could not be concealed.

Mrs. Arnold propoſed to withdraw.

"No," ſays Eliſa, "I will ſit it

out: what have I done, that I ſhould regard them?"

The ſorcereſſes, too deaf to hear their converſation, were ſtill going on.

"I ſuppoſe it will be expected of us to viſit them."—"No, ſiſter, that can never be: after the little pranks ſhe has played, it cannot be expected from women of character."—"I wonder where the old eſquire is to-day."—She has almoſt broke his heart, poor man! He will ſoon go off their way, and then every thing will be as it ſhould be." "They may marry, or live as they do."

Unable to hold out any longer, I ſtarted up, "Women! do not oblige me to diſturb the congregation!"

They attempted to give me the broad ſtare; but I bit my lip, and looked ſo furiouſly, that, I believe, they were effectually ſilenced by bodily fear. And not without good reaſon. If they had

added another word, I could, in that moment, have forgotten the ſolemnity of public worſhip, forgotten their ſex, and my own dignity, and dragged them both out of the church.

Eliſa is one of thoſe few ladies, who regard virtue itſelf more than the reputation of virtue; yet theſe incarnate fiends have done ſuch violence to her feelings, it almoſt makes me mad! If either man or devil, if any thing not in petticoats, had dared to utter one of thoſe diabolical ſentences, I ſhould have been provoked to commit an action, which, upon principal, I abhor.

Theſe proud ladies!—I hate to think of them; but the loathſome idea will intrude on my memory. You would imagine they could trace their deſcent from Brutus the Trojan, or, at leaſt, from prince Lywelyn: for you know Wilſon, there are animals, who being conſcious that their own character is

utterly deſpicable, are for ever reminding us of their uncle ſuch-à-one, or their couſin ſuch-a-one. They think it ſome merit to dangle from a diſtinguiſhed family, like a piece of ſtinking fungus from the trunk of a noble tree; and, I am told, there are human beings of ſo very abject a conception, as to allow ſome deference to the pitiful claim; but theſe haughty ſiſters have nothing of the kind to be proud of. It were in vain to enquire after the name of their grandfather. Their worthy ſire, from a ſcout, a ſhoe-black, and a ſtable-boy, in the family of a profeſſional man, by dint of induſtry, good luck, and better cunning, got himſelf articled to his maſter's profeſſion. By will-making, by changing his name to procure legacies, and other methods of buſineſs, he contrived to ſcrape up a conſiderable ſum, and, at laſt, dubbed himſelf eſquire, and took his ſeat among the

juſtices for the county. To ſecure to his daughters, among ſtrangers, that reſpect which they could not obtain at home, he ſent them out of the principality for their education.

At his death, he left a ſon who has clearly proved, that a fortune may be either got or loſt, by the ſame deſpicable talents, the ſame abſence of all worthy ſentiment. This ſpark, by ſpeculating enormouſly without principle and without brains, acquired the reputation of prodigious wealth, and, in conſequence, prodigious credit, which, in a few years, advanced him to the rank of gentleman penſioner in the king's-bench. He lives comfortably upon the ſpoils of many induſtrious families, whom he has utterly ruined, by ſwindling within the law.

His ſiſters, at the death of their father, had about two thouſand pounds each, which they were too knowing to

place in their brother's hands. Upon the intereſt of this money, and the *chance* of cards, they contrive to live, and even to figure in the gay circles of Bath and Weymonth, univerſally hating and hateful.

Theſe fine ladies! I recollect having ſeen them at Bath. Their painting, patches, and dignified grimace, would have been the envy of Jezebel herſelf.

That town is the true latitude, the very nurſery for ſuch geniuſes. They thrive upon the ſcandal and unprincipled *frivolity* of the place. Whenever a ſubſcription is opened at the pump-room, ladies of their ſentiment can throw down their guinea, with equal oſtentation and equal charity, whether it be to relieve a family of orphans, or to endow a lame cat. I cordially hate the place, where ſuch characters can be formed and ſupported,

Theſe immaculate ladies! The eldeſt of them, Miſs Aurelia Griſby, was, in her better years, overtaken at the end of three days-journey, upon an expedition with her father's footman. The poor ſeduced fellow was ſmuggled into the navy, and his fate has proved a ſufficient caution to our hardy ſex. For theſe thirty years, not one male deſperado has been raſh enough to incur the penalty.

Miſs Clementina Griſby, the younger ſiſter, once laid cloſe ſiege to the perſon of my dear old friend; but, failing of ſucceſs, ſhe treated Mrs. Powell, upon her marriage, with ſome inſtances of ſublime inſolence, which that lady thought proper to return only with ſovereign contempt. This provoking affront has confirmed both the ſiſters in their hatred to all the family.

Why cannot I cloſe this letter, and

give them up to the contempt they deſerve? Their accompliſhments are as little reſpectable as their birth and ſentiment. One half of their Engliſh is foreign, and one half of their periods are ſung; yet neither of the charming creatures could ever connect two ſentences of pure French, or touch an inſtrument of any kind, even to ſimple melody. The greateſt part of their converſation conſiſts in the hackneyed ſayings of diſtinguiſhed perſons; yet, beyond magazines, novels, and plays, they ſcarcely know that any books are extant. But they have been in the habit of ſpending part of their winters at Bath, and part of their ſummers at faſhionable watering places. From theſe academies, they bring home all the new-fangled words, exactly in the drawl of the ſeaſon. They lounge out one part of the body, or poke the other forward, according to the modiſh de-

formity of the day. When whining is fashionable, they whine: when stammering, they stammer: when yawning and lisping, they lisp and yawn. On account of these, and the like prodigious accomplishments, they claim a superiority over all the simple good sense and good breeding in this country, without any permanent characteristic, but one. Scandal is never out of fashion: and, in this important acquisition, the Grisbys are at the head of the genteelest company.

I am ashamed to have thought and scribbled so much about them; but as I am not in the humour to choose a better subject, I shall only add, that

I am, Dear Wilson,

Yours, &c.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XXXI.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilſon,

I HAVE this day felt how very diſtreſſing it is, to be drawn one way by duty, and another by inclination. I had a letter from my uncle, requeſting my aſſiſtance, in tranſacting ſome diſagreeable buſineſs, which his age and infirmities prevent him from undertaking. Mr. Pitlock's banking-houſe, notwithſtanding the old gentleman's powerful ſupport, has, at laſt, been borne down with the ſtream. The partners have diſappeared. I muſt go along with Haward to the North, and ſettle their affairs as well as we can.

This employment comes very unſeaſonably: and, beſides, I am by no means qualified for ſuch things.

I could have named to my uncle a more proper perſon; but it would have looked ſomething like ingratitude, had I made the leaſt demur.

You muſt contrive to meet me next Thurſday at N——. Your journey ſhall not go unrewarded. You ſhall ſee her picture. It was drawn by her own dear hand. It is a likeneſs, but not a flattering one. Eliſa is never inclined to ſhow partiality to herſelf; and, in this way, no mortal painter could do her juſtice.

As you have never been much in love, it will be loſt labour to repreſent to you the anguiſh of our parting.

My ſervant led out the horſes at nine o'clock. I felt every ſtroke of their hoofs upon the pavement. I knew I

muſt go; yet I could not remove my arms.

"It muſt be done, Stanley," ſaid Eliſa. "What will it avail us to prolong the time? Farewell, my friend! May heaven protect you! Be not dejected. I will furniſh you with a companion for the road. Let this remind you of a ſpeedy return." Oh Wilſon! think of that moment! She turned aſide her lovely face. While I was gazing at the picture, I thought ſhe ſtill leaned upon my arm: I looked for her, but—ſhe was gone.

Amid numberleſs ſighs and ſobs, I have torn myſelf from her thus far. This will be a long, melancholy month: I muſt endeavour to comfort myſelf with the thoughts of the next.

How your modiſh people contrive it, I cannot imagine; but I am very confident we ſhall make no ſeparate excurſions. Yet, I leave her expoſed, per-

haps, to the insult of the Grisbys, those cursed ladies of *virtue* and *fashion*. My mind is uncommonly dejected. I must try if my dreams can afford any thing more pleasant. Good night, Wilson. Remember Thursday, and

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XXXII.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilſon,

NEVER were affairs ſo intricate and perplexed as theſe. Fancying that the whole had been nearly ſettled, that I was upon the point of returning, I told Eliſa ſo much in my letter of yeſterday. I deſired her to write to me, at my uncle's. I was wretchedly miſtaken. New delays, new ſubjects of vexation, break in upon me to day. I cannot tell you, at preſent, how long I muſt be in this part of the kingdom, or where I ſhall be fixed. The connexions of this houſe have been very extenſive, and ſome of its tranſactions

very myſterious. Had my uncle known all, he would not have given himſelf or me any further trouble. I muſt go to York, to Hull, and to Richmond; perhaps to Durham. When I ſhall be at either of theſe places, or how long I muſt be detained there, before I can meet the parties, is all uncertainty. I can write, indeed, to Eliſa; but how ſhall I hear from her? Were I to acquaint her of my perplexed ſituation, it would be a tedious fortnight before her anſwer could reach Yorkſhire. And where ſhall I be at that time?

Alas, Wilſon, I cannot ſupport it! I muſt ſee her. She has ſuffered in her health; ſhe has been wounded again in that ſweet ſenſibility, which, though ineſtimable in my eyes, is too powerful for the delicacy of her frame.

About three weeks ago, ſhe went to

ſee her little orphans at Mrs. Evans'. Upon her return, at a pretty late hour, ſhe perceived the two reſentful hags, poking their long chins over the ſtile, at the top of the hill. Unwilling to encounter perſonal inſult, ſhe turned aſide into a path that led through the wood, loſt her way, and was expoſed to the chill damps of the evening. The conſequence, ſhe tells me, is a ſevere cold, and languor of ſpirits. By her manner of writing, I perceive it is attended with ſtill worſe perturbation, and anguiſh of heart. It is inſupportable! I will be the evil genius of the Griſby's, wherever I meet them. I may find means to prevail upon them to remove to a neighbourhood where they are leſs known.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the SAME.

Dear Wilſon,

WHATEVER becomes of this buſineſs, I cannot ſtay a moment longer. Read the copy of her letter, which I tranſcribe while the chaiſe is getting ready. Fatal delay! It has been ſixteen days in the poſt-office at Richmond. As ſoon as you receive it, meet me at my uncle's.

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Rev. HENRY STANLEY.

My dear friend!

KNOWING your anxiety to hear from us, I have ventured to direct this ſcrap to Richmond, in hopes you will receive it.

I wiſh its contents could be made more acceptable to your benevolent heart; but the truth muſt not be concealed. I have been, for ſome days, greatly alarmed about my poor father's health. I wiſh I could anſwer your kind enquiries reſpecting my own, more to your ſatisfaction.

Oh, Stanley! affliction has not yet expended all its ſhafts. I feel the

ſmart renewed. I tremble with apprehenſion of its conſequences. Much may depend upon the recovery of my beloved father. But if I love him while my deareſt friend is abſent——I know, Stanley, that you do your utmoſt to accompliſh your preſent engagement, and that you will loſe no time in returning to us.

Till that becomes practicable, I hope my friend will conſole himſelf with the reflection, that all events are in the hand of that Being, who, ſooner or later, will diſpoſe every thing for the good of thoſe who depend upon his guidance. If he think fit to ſpare my dear father's life and my own—an indulgence which you alone have taught me to requeſt——I need not add any thing further: you are no ſtranger to the heart of

ELISA POWELL.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Rev. JAMES WILSON.

Wilſon!

I AM for ever wretched. I cannot wait for you to give me the meeting. By this time ſhe is no more. Two packets from Eliſa waited my arrival at my uncle's; one ſealed with black. —My hands trembled as I opened them. It is all over. Read the incloſed from Arnold. I go this minute. If I can once more ſee her alive, it is all the indulgence that heaven can grant to the loſt

HENRY STANLEY.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Rev. HENRY STANLEY.

My dear Friend!

THE ſubject of my preſent letter diſtreſſes me beyond meaſure; but it is neceſſary I ſhould communicate our common loſs.

Our dear Mr. Powell had long apprehended that a fit of the gout would, one day or other, prove fatal to him. Many excruciating hours has he experienced from that painful diſorder. His pains are now over.

He expired, laſt night, with a ſudden attack in his ſtomach. Poor Eliſa! But, my dear friend, ſuffer not yourſelf to be overcome by your afflictions.

Murmur not at the neceſſity of your abſence. Every thing has been done, that could have been done, had you been here.

Should you receive this letter in the courſe of a few weeks, I would adviſe you to come immediately to Morley-caſtle: you muſt come armed with all your fortitude. Mine has been tried before: it ſupported me through great afflictions; but in this conjuncture, my dear Stanley, it has almoſt forſaken

Yours, &c.

FRANCIS ARNOLD.

[N. B. The Editor, having procured copies of the packets from Miſs Powell, mentioned above, by Mr. Stanley, thinks it proper, for the reader's ſatisfaction, to inſert them in this place.]

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Rev. HENRY STANLEY.

Stanley!

MY heart has not deceived you. I have a ſoul that comprehends all your worth; an affection that longs to reward it, even while my frail conſtitution is reluctantly ſinking to the grave, under the preſſure of many ſorrows.

It is too true, my valued friend! I perceive that I am going with ſpeed; and as it is extremely doubtful whether I ſhall ſee you any more, it is time to inform you of a few incidents that have occurred ſince I mourned your departure.

To-morrow, it will be a month

ſince my father rode to Pembroke. The day was cold and rainy. He got wet upon the road; but, without paying any regard to it, went to dine with the commiſſioners of the turnpike. In the evening, he was brought home, much indiſpoſed. For ſome days, he complained of chills and flying pains: it proved to be gout. The fit is ſevere, and he has more than once been attacked in the ſtomach. The phyſician conſiders him in imminent danger. For theſe eight days, I have ſcarcely dared to ſtir from his bedſide. I was very unwell when he was firſt ſeized, and the neceſſary attention to my duty has deprived me of reſt, and added greatly to my weakneſs. How ſhall I account to you for my own indiſpoſition? It was at firſt owing to my want of fortitude; an imbecility of the nerves, which you will treat with indulgence. While I deſpiſe the mean

ſentiments of my foes, I cannot ſufficiently arm myſelf againſt their malicious devices.

The very week after you went from hence, my aunt Wilkins wrote, that as her company was requeſted at my wedding, ſhe would not fail to attend, notwithſtanding the ſhortneſs of the notice. She would be obliged to me, if, by return of the poſt, I particularly ſpecified the day.

I was utterly at a loſs what to make of this letter. The ſtrange contents of it fluttered me exceedingly. Within a week after this, my couſin Jane and I were ſurpriſed by my aunt's carriage driving into the court. I ſaw ſhe was in it, and went out to receive her. My father was not at home. Very different from her uſual manner, that dear lady ſeemed to view me with miſtruſt, and ſcarcely ſpoke. I brought her into the houſe. My couſin ran to

her mother, ſaying, "This is indeed an unexpected happineſs."

Mrs. Wilkins replied, with a ſevere glance—"Unexpected, Jane! What then is the meaning of your letter!"

"My dear mamma," ſaid Jane, "I wrote nothing particular." Mrs. Wilkins took out her pocket-book, and preſented a paper to her daughter, ſaying, "What do you call this?"

The poor girl read it with aſtoniſhment, exclaiming, "I never ſaw it: it is entirely falſe. See, Eliſa!"

The letter was this:

"To Mrs. Wilkins.

"My dear Mamma,

"Come and fetch me directly. This is become a ſad houſe. My uncle has ſent Mr. Stanley away, and ſays that he is a poor fortune-hunter. Eliſa is almoſt diſtracted. She declares that

ſhe will follow him through the world, in ſpite of father and friends; and that ſhe is determined to live with him. I can tell you no more, but that I am very unhappy. I remain,

Dear mamma, &c.

JANE WILKINS."

This forgery was ſealed with a wafer, and the hand ſomewhat reſembled my couſin's.

"You never ſaw it, then?" ſays Mrs. Wilkins.

"I never did, mamma."

"Then, I ſuppoſe you never ſaw this, Eliſa," ſays my aunt, giving me another paper. In this, my name and handwriting were counterfeited. The malicious ſcrap intimated, that Mr. Stanley had perſuaded my father and me, that the formality of a year's

mourning could be of no ſervice to the dead. That a delay of our nuptials till next ſpring would be totally unneceſſary; that we were upon the point of being married, and requeſted Mrs. Wilkins' company.

When I had read it over, I ſaid—"Now, my dear madam, I comprehend the meaning of the letter I received from you laſt week. Could you, even for a moment, ſuppoſe that this thing came from me?"

My aunt, taking both our hands, ſaid, "My dear girls, I am very happily undeceived. The deſpicable ſcraps gave me great uneaſineſs. I thought you had both loſt your ſenſes. You muſt have ſome deſperate neighbours: I hope my brother will find them out, and make a public example of them; but I would not have you, my dear niece, think any more about them."

I did think about them. My com-

poſure was diſturbed, my ſpirits were depreſſed. For a whole week, had I endured the diſpleaſure of a dear relation. Have I not ſuffered enough, without feeling my misfortunes aggravated, by the arts of the malicious? "They will ſucceed in rendering me deſpicable in the eyes of the world; perhaps, of Mr. Stanley. Aſſailed by continual inſinuations, he may, at laſt, regret his connexion with misfortune and Eliſa." Such was my reflection at the time. Pardon it, my generous friend: the thought was formed in the moment of diſtreſs. Let that excuſe the involuntary injury. I ſoon aſſured myſelf you would love, would eſteem your Eliſa, in ſpite of the invidious. Whatever happened, I knew that you would cheriſh my memory. Yet even this aſſurance could not afford me unmixed conſolation. I was languid and reſtleſs. My heart was ſick, and

my pillow refuſed its wonted refreſhment. My father did much to comfort me: but he was taken ill. Oh, Stanley--Heaven grant that I may have ſtrength to attend him through this dreadful diſorder!

Yes, my dear friend, it is all over: my fears were too well founded. When doctor Manſel ſaw me, yeſterday morning, by my father's bedſide, he ſeemed to examine me very earneſtly with his eyes. His looks, I thought, had ſomething very particular in them. He felt my pulſe, and told me, that my conſtitution was not equal to ſo cloſe an attendance at a ſick bed. I muſt give up that province to the nurſe; take regular reſt and moderate exerciſe, and endeavour to keep my mind at eaſe. He has preſcribed for me. Oh, Stanley, I diſcover the medicines to be the ſame

as were ordered for my departed mother. This illneſs, my dear, unhappy friend, is not like any thing I have hitherto experienced. I utter the ſame complaints which formerly pierced my heart, while that beſt of women was ſupported in my arms.

I mentioned my ſuſpicions to doctor Manſel. He acknowledged, it would be in vain to deceive me. "Yet, be not alarmed, Miſs Powell," added the kind phyſician: "the diſeaſe is but recent. It has indeed made rapid advances within theſe few days; but if you can conquer your mental anguiſh, which you indulge too much, and attend to the regimen I preſcribe, there is good reaſon to hope that all will do very well." "For heaven's ſake, ſir," I replied, "keep it from my father's knowledge, for the preſent, and I will promiſe to do my utmoſt." I went to bed at an early hour, and, though I

had not ſlept ſoundly for ſeveral nights, I could not cloſe my eyes. I could only liſten to the groans of my father. Toward morning, I ſlumbered, and awoke in a fright. Oh, Stanley! you muſt not be deceived. Place no dependence on the doctor's promiſe. I perceived the fatal ſymptom: when I lift my head from the pillow, the drops hung upon the very ends of my hair.

Oh, that I had never ſeen you, or that my conſtitution could ſupport one further effort! It will not be. I have had an admonition to depart. I dreamed this morning, that I was ſitting with you and my father, in the little bower, by the Wye ſide. My mother, brother, and Mr. Weaver, approached the bank in a boat, and invited us to embark. My father jumped in. I was loath to venture, and leaned upon your arm. My brother caught me with violence, and dragged me on board.

You were coming to us, but he puſhed off the boat, ſaying, "No, ſir, we are now full." Your intreaties to be admitted, awoke me. I am not ſuperſtitious, Stanley; but all this ſeems to have a meaning.

Finding myſelf conſiderably better this morning, I ſat about two hours with my father. He heard me cough, and, ſtretching out his hand to me, ſaid, "My deareſt Eliſa! you have a bad cold: you muſt take care and nurſe yourſelf better than you do. My illneſs has borne very heavy upon you."

Think of my diſtreſs, when he anſwered my enquiries about his health, in the following words:

"I have had a dreadful night, my child. Perhaps I am near my journey's end: if ſo, it is the will of God, Eliſa: we muſt ſubmit. I cannot murmur.

Providence has been very kind to me. What a comfort, that I leave you in the hands of a valuable man, who will be a friend, a protector, and more than a father to you! My daughter will deſerve his tendereſt affection."

Yes, Stanley, had it been the will of heaven, I would have deſerved it!

I had the fortitude, on this occaſion, to moderate my tears. In my ſituation, it requires no ſmall effort to keep up ſome little appearance of health, of comfort, and ſoothing hope. My father deſired me to read to him ſome paragraphs, out of a paper that lay upon the table. I had not proceeded far, before I came to the following:

"Charles Powell, eſq. of Morley-caſtle, has been for ſome days dangerouſly ill. With extreme concern, we add, that his indiſpoſition is owing to another unfortunate incident in his family. This gentleman has been a pat-

tern and a warning to indulgent parents."

I recognized the charitable ſentiment, and ſmiled in ſilence. My father begged me to read it out. I was obliged to diſſemble. It ſurpriſed me, to think how little I was affected by this artifice. I am become almoſt as unfeeling as my enemies are cruel. I ſhall be ſoon out of their reach. May heaven never bring them to a ſtrict account for their conduct!

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the SAME.

Stanley!

THE agony is paſt. He expired in my arms. My God, I thank thee! His thoughts reſpecting his daughter were full of comfort. He did not perceive my danger. I did not once faint in the room, till he was no more.

Is it poſſible that Providence could have acted toward me with greater kindneſs? Ever ſince the time I loſt my tender mother, the moſt ardent prayer I addreſſed to heaven has been, that I might live to conſole his laſt days; that I might live to cloſe his eyes. For this ſole purpoſe I ſtruggled hard to re-

pel the approaches of death. My prayer has been granted, and I am thankful. Why ſhould I linger another day? I am ſpiritleſs; my ſtrength is exhauſted; I give up the conteſt.

You, Stanley, taught me to form another wiſh. My compliance with my father's gentle recommendation was but momentary: your paſſion was ſoon enforced by the beſt feelings of my heart. How ill I conſulted your happineſs! How fatally I miſtook the ardour of a virtuous affection for the renovation of a broken conſtitution!

My deareſt friend, farewell! Conſole yourſelf, amid your own virtues, and forgive the deſponding

ELISA POWELL.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the SAME.

Stanley!

I STILL live—ſtill think of you. For the laſt time, this trembling hand takes up the pen. The feeble letters that flow from it are addreſſed to my beloved friend. This morning, your tender letter from Richmond was brought to me. You had not received my laſt. Happy deluſion! You have eſcaped ſome days of ſevere affliction. You believe that my health is reeſtabliſhed—that I enjoy comfort. What hopes, what wiſhes you expreſs, reſpecting my dear father! He is happier than we can conceive. I have borne his loſs

with greater tranquillity than could have been expected. I mourn not his departure: I am going the ſame way, and he is but at a ſmall diſtance before me.

I have ardently wiſhed, Stanley, to ſee you once more, to bid you adieu, to comfort you. It was the laſt deluſion of my poor heart; and I now perceive it is much better as it is. An interview, at this time, would be too much for both of us. I ſhall ſee you, where there is no pain, no ſorrow, no parting for ever. For the good of the unfortunate, in this world, may that day be far diſtant!

From the time that my attendance upon my father became uſeleſs, I have been capable of no exertion. For the greateſt part of the time, I have kept my room. There, I revolve in my mind the ſad events of my paſt life; my afflictions, my diſtracting agonies,

my impaired health. Were it allotted me to live, I ſhould never be to you all I could wiſh, all you deſerve.

I would not wound your feelings, Stanley, but this is a time to be candid.—I fear it will coſt you many painful efforts before you can think as I do. Surely, heaven removes me out of kindneſs to the generous friend of the diſtreſſed! This thought greatly aids my reſignation. Yet, I ſtill know you will regret my loſs: you would have been happy with me, ſuch as you found me. But would that have been your greateſt happineſs? Heaven knows beſt, and heaven has decided.

I have now diſpoſed of every thing that depended upon my will. Knowing your ſentiments, Stanley, I have not enriched you, at the expence of my relations; but I muſt leave you ſome

token of my affection. Evans' cottage was wholly mine. You loved the ſpot. I have made it yours. You will accept of it, becauſe it is but a trifle, and becauſe it belonged to me. Without your leave, no one can derange the little remembrances I have been erecting to my family. I only requeſt that you will permit the preſent inhabitants to remain there, upon the appointment I leave them. Mrs. Evans will take care of the poor orphans, till they are able to go to ſervice. I have ſealed up a ſmall caſket: it is in Mrs. Evans' poſſeſſion. When I am no more, ſhe will give it to you. It contains ſome trifles, upon which your affection alone can ſet a value.

As I cannot ſee you, Stanley, I am loath to cloſe this paper, which, to you, will convey my laſt ſentiments.

You have been dear to me! but that idea muſt not return. My thoughts muſt now be devoted to the journey I am about to take

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My weakneſs and affliction have permitted me, at intervals, to write thus far. I can no more. The remaining hours are allotted to prepare for the great change. I ſhall ſee my father—my mother—all my friends. I ſhall ſee you—Happy be your days till then!

Adieu, my generous, my deareſt Stanley! Heaven, which knows your worth, reward it, and bleſs you! Cheriſh the memory of

Your expiring

ELISA POWELL.

LETTER XL.

To the Rev. JAMES WILSON.

Oh, Wilſon!

WHY was I ever born! She has ſeen me. She knew me. Her cheek is cold and pale as the drooping lily; but her tears are ſtill warm. In ſilent agony, I folded her to my boſom. She ſpoke to me a few words. They were meant for comfort. Comfort—when I am loſing my Eliſa!

Ever memorable words! I do not hear them—They ſtrike immediately upon my heart.

I requeſted the phyſician to ſend directly for doctor N——. Alas, no-

thing can be done! It is his opinion, that ſitting up with her father haſtened the diſeaſe, but that the foundation of it was laid in previous vexation.

God protect me from madneſs! It exceeds the bounds of human reaſon. I could, this moment, ruſh to perdition with thoſe two incarnate hags in my arms. If I ſurvive this ſhock, they ſhall not forget me.

Wilſon! what a heavenly ſmile! What unclouded ſerenity! She is happy! She has done with the intereſts and troubles of this world. Yet my heart is pierced. She is leaving me, overwhelmed with anguiſh and deſpair. How ſhall I ſtruggle with the agonies of the approaching hour! "Cheriſh thy memory, Eliſa!"—While I breathe —Oh, that I could ſink with it to thy grave!

Wilson,

I cannot write. Come, immediately, to

The wretched

HENRY STANLEY.

THE END.